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PART ONE

FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

By
Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

By Bruce Bairnsfather

Bullets and Billets

Fragments from France

(Parts I to IV in One Volume)

Parts I, V and VI (Paper Cover)

**A Few Fragments from
His Life**

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Part I

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

London: THE BYSTANDER

FOREWORD

By the Editor of "The Bystander"

WHEN Tommy went out to the great war, he went smiling, and singing the latest ditty of the halls. The enemy scowled. War, said his professors of kultur and his hymnsters of hate, could never be waged in the Tipperary spirit, and the nation that sent to the front soldiers who sang and laughed must be the very decadent England they had all along denounced as unworthy of world power.

I fear the enemy will be even more infuriated when he turns over the pages of this book. In it the spirit of the British citizen soldier, who, hating war as he hated hell, flocked to the colors to have his whack at the apostles of blood and iron, is translated to cold and permanent print. Here is the great war reduced to grim and gruesome absurdity. It is not fun poked by a mere looker-on; it is the fun felt in the war by one who has been through it.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has stayed at that "farm" which is portrayed in the double page of the book; he has endured that shell-swept "'ole" that is depicted on the cover; he has watched the disappearance of that "blinkin' parapet" shown on one page; has had his hair cut under fire as shown on another. And having been through it all, he has just put down what he has seen and heard and felt and smelt and—laughed at.

Captain Bairnsfather went to the front in no mood of a "chiel takin' notes." It was the notes that took him. Before the war, some time a regular soldier, some time an engineer, he had little other idea than to sketch for mischief, on walls and shirt cuffs, and tablecloths. Without the war he might never have put pencil to paper for publication. But the war insisted.

It is not for his mere editor to forecast his vogue in posterity. Naturally I hope it will be a lasting one, but I am prejudiced. Let me, however, quote a letter which reached Captain Bairnsfather from somewhere in France:

"Twenty years after peace has been declared there will be no more potent stimulus to the recollections of an old soldier than your admirable sketches of trench life. May I, with all deference, congratulate you on your humor, your fidelity, your something-else not easily defined—I mean your power of expressing in black and white a condition of mind."

I hope that this forecast is a true one. If this sketch-book is worthy to outlast the days of the war, and to be kept for remembrance on the shelves of those who have lived through it, it will have done its bit. For will it not be a standing reminder of the *ingloriousness* of war, its preposterous absurdity, and of its futility as a means of settling the affairs of nations?

When the ardent Jingo of the day after tomorrow rattles the sabre, let there be somewhere handy a copy of "Fragments from France" that can be opened in front of him, at any page, just to remind him of what war is really like as it is fought in "civilised" times.



Camera Portrait

Hodds

CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



“Where did that one go to?”

What is this slimy dismal hole
 Where oft I'm lurking like a mole
 And cursing Germans heart and soul?
 My Dug-Out

Where is it that beneath the floor
 The water's rising more and more
 And where the roof's a broken door?
 My Dug-Out



Where is it that I try to sleep
 Betwixt alarms, when up I leap
 And dash through water four feet deep?
 My Dug-Out

*Bruce
 Ramsfather*

Where is it that I'll catch a chill
 And lose my only quinine pill
 And probably remain until —
 I'm dug out?
 My Dug-Out

My Dug-Out: A Lay of the Trenches



That Evening Star Shell.

"Oh, star of eve, whose tender beam
Falls on my spirit's troubled dream."

—*Wolfram's Aria in "Tannhäuser."*



“They’ve evidently seen me.”



Situation shortly vacant.

In an old-fashioned house in France an opening will shortly occur for a young man, with good prospects of getting a rise.



The Tactless Teuton.

A member of the Gravedigger's Corps joking with a private in the Orphans' Battalion, prior to a frontal attack.



No Possible Doubt Whatever.

Sentry: "Alt! Who goes there?"

He of the Bundle: "You shut yer —— mouth, or I'll —— come
and knock yer —— head off!"

Sentry: "Pass, friend!"



“Gott Strafe this Barbed Wire”



Our Adaptable Armies

Private Jones (late “Zogitoff,” the comedy wire artist) appreciably reduces the quantity of hate per yard of frontage.



“Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it.”



A Proposal in Flanders.

The point of Jean's pitchfork awakens a sense of duty in a mine that shirked.



A Maxim Maxim.

“ Fire should be withheld till a favourable target presents itself.”



So Obvious.

The Young and Talkative One: "Who made that 'ole?"
The Fed-up one: "Mice."



The Fatalist.

"I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."



Keeping His Hand In.

Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shinio," the popular juggler, frequently causes considerable anxiety to his platoon.



“ ——— these ——— rations.”



A. D. Nineteen Fifty.

“I see the War Babies’ Battalion is a-coming out.”



Frustrated Ingenuity.

Owing to the dawn breaking sooner than he anticipated, that inventive fellow, Private Jones, has a trying time with his latest creation, "The Little Plugstreet," the sniper's friend.



Dear ——

“At present we are stayin



at a farm . . . ”



Directing the Way at the Front.

“Yer knows the dead 'orse 'cross the road? Well, keep straight on till yer comes to a p'rambulator 'longside a Johnson 'ole.”



The Late Comer

“Where ’ave you been?
 ’Avin’ your bloomin’
 fortune told?”

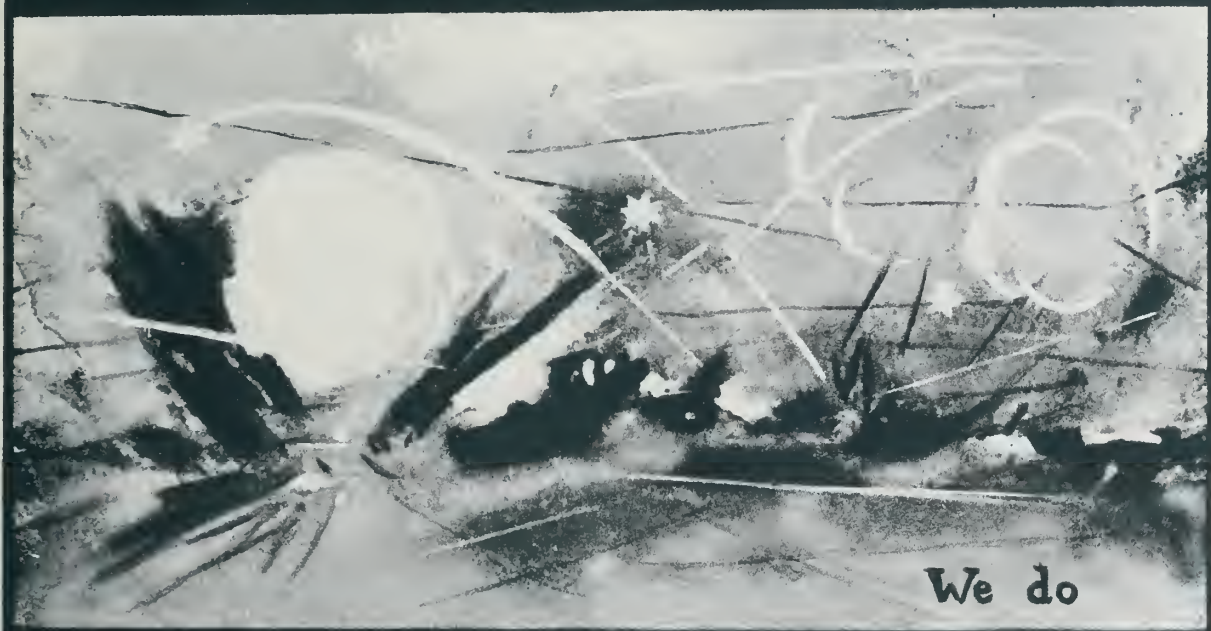


“The Spirit of our Troops is Excellent.”



The Eternal Question

“When the 'ell is it goin' to be strawberry?”



"The Push"—in Three Chapters.

By one who's been "Pushed."



The Innocent Abroad

Out since Mons: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'ad?"
Novice (but persistent optimist): "Oh, alright. 'Ad to go out
and rest a bit now and again."



“There goes our blinkin’ parapet again.”



The Thirst for Reprisals.

“’And me a rifle, someone. I’ll give these ——s ’ell for this!”



The Things that Matter.

Scene: Loos, during the September offensive.

Colonel Fitz-Shrapnel receives the following message from "G.H.Q." :—

"Please let us know, as soon as possible, the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday."



The Soldiers' Dream

A "Bitter" disappointment on waking



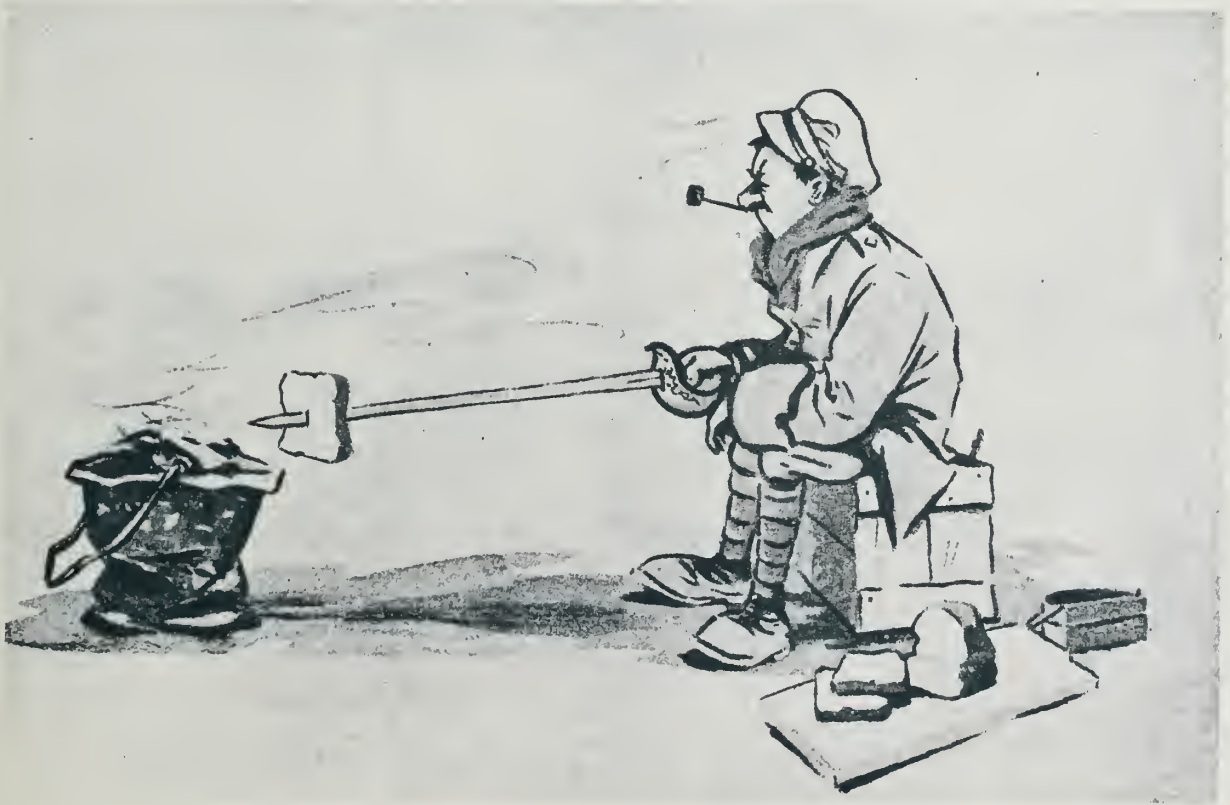
The Ideal and the Real

What we would like to see at our billets—and (inset) what we do see.



That Sword

How he thought he was going to use it—



—and how he did use it.



“That 16-inch Sensation.”



“Watch me make a fire-bucket of 'is 'elmet.”



Coiffure in the Trenches.

"Keep yer 'ead still, or I'll 'ave yer blinkin' ear off."



Another Maxim Maxim.

“Machine guns form a valuable support for infantry.”



“The same old moon”



Never Again!

“In future I snipe from the ground.”

Where to Live—[ADVT.]



IN ONE OF THE CHOICEST LOCALITIES OF
NORTHERN FRANCE.

TO BE LET (three minutes from German trenches), this attractive and
WELL-BUILT DUG-OUT,
containing one reception-kitchen-bedroom and **UP-TO-DATE FUNK
HOLE** (4ft. by 3ft.), all modern inconveniences, including gas and water.
This desirable Residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an
excellent view of the enemy trenches.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING (SNIPE AND DUCK).

—Particulars of the late Tenant, Room 6, Base Hospital, Boulogne.



My Dream
For Years to Come



What It Really Feels Like
To be on patrol duty at night-time



Thoroughness

“What time shall I call you in the morning, sir?”
(Colonel Chutney, V.C., home on short leave, decides to
keep in touch with dug-out life).



Our Democratic Army

Member of Navvies' Battalion (to Colonel): "I say, yer mate's dropped 'is cane."



FINIS

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"A War Lord of Laughter"
"The Man Who Made the Empire Laugh"

The Putnams have completed arrangements with the English publishers, to bring out in the United States all of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's work.

Fragments from France

8°, 143 Full-page Plates, 15 Smaller Illustrations. \$2.25

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The pictures that gave to Captain Bairnsfather a world-wide reputation. An introduction by Major George Haven Putnam.

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Large 8°. 26 Full-page, 26 Text Illustrations. \$1.25

The entertaining and interesting story of Captain Bairnsfather's life, with critical chapters by the editor of *The Bystander*, and amusing pictures by the artist himself.

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Publishers

LONDON
24 Bedford St.,
Strand

MORE FRAGMENTS from FRANCE



By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather.



He needs a "Swan" Pen

Is it not certain that when your soldier friend concludes his letter with the words "Excuse pencil," he would appreciate the gift of a "Swan" Fountainpen? Send him one to-day. He will admire your forethought and you will better enjoy his letters, for they will be more readable—and longer.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

has no valves or levers to adjust—nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable, it can be "loaded" with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water. 40 Tablets in Nickel Tube cost 6d.

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

Safety Pattern, with Screw-on Cap.
May be carried in any position.
From 12/6 up.

Standard Pattern, with Slip-on Cap.
To be carried upright.
From 10/6 up.

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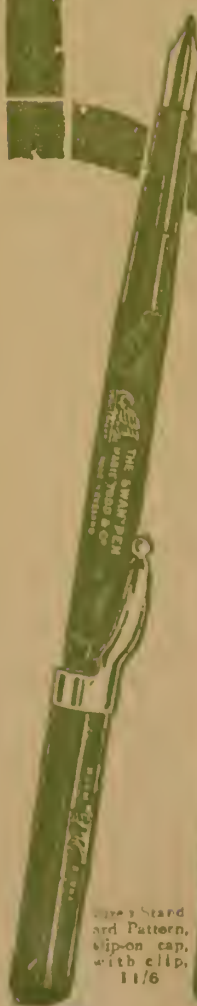
No war-time advance in prices of "Swan" Pens though other makes have been put up about 20% without, however, any change in the pens,—just 20% increase for nothing.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.



A dealer serving a "Swan" back for adjustment writes:—

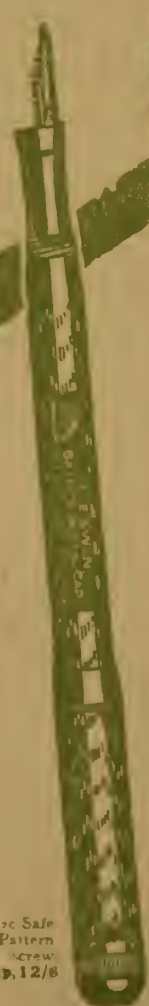
"We send you a B2 "Safety Pen" which a wounded soldier has just brought in. We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him, as he has a great esteem for the pen, and declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign and brought back with him in a whole and sound condition."



Size 2 Standard Pattern, slip-on cap, with clip, 11/6



Size 2c Safety Pattern, all covered, with clip, 35/-



Size 2c Safety Pattern with screw on cap, 12/6



Size 1 with two 18ct rolled gold bands, 14/6

MORE
FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. II

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, & 190, STRAND
LONDON

FOREWORD : *By the Editor of* "THE BYSTANDER"



AS the first volume of "Fragments from France" achieved a success so far in excess of expectation—over a quarter of a million copies have already been sold, and the sale is still progressing—Captain Bairnsfather needs no introduction in his second volume, which we believe will rival the first in popularity. He has become a household word—or perhaps one should say a trench-hold word. Who is ever the worse for a laugh? Certainly not the soldier in trench or dug-out or shell-swept billet. Rather may it be said that the Bairnsfather laughter has acted in thousands of cases as an antidote to the bane of depression. It is the good fortune of the British Army to possess such an antidote, and the ill-fortune of the other belligerents that they do not possess its equivalent.

A Scots officer, writing in the *Edinburgh Evening News*, hits the true sentiment towards Bairnsfather of the Army in France when he writes :

"To us out here the 'Fragments' are the very quintessence of life. We sit moping over a smoky charcoal fire in a dug-out. Suddenly someone, more wideawake than others, remembers the 'Fragments.' Out it comes, and we laugh uproariously over each picture. For are these not the very things we are witnessing every day, incidents full of tragic humour? The fed-up spirit you see on the faces of Bairnsfather's pictures is a sham—a mask beneath which there liessomething that is essentially British."

In a communication received by Captain Bairnsfather an eminent Member of Parliament writes : "You are rising to be a factor in the situation, just as Gillray was a factor in the Napoleonic wars." The difference is, however, that instead of turning his satire exclusively upon the enemy, as did Gillray, Captain Bairnsfather turns his—good-humouredly always—on his fellow-warriors. This habit of ours of making fun of ourselves has come by now to be fairly well understood by even the most sensitive and serious-minded of



CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

This picture was taken at the Front, less than a quarter of a mile from the German trenches. Captain Bairnsfather has come "straight off the mud," and is wearing a fur coat, a Balaclava helmet and gum-boots. Immediately behind him is a hole made by a "Jack Johnson" shell

our continental friends and neighbours. It hardly needs nowadays to be pointed out that it is a fixed condition of the national life that wherever Britons are working together in any common object, whether in school, college, profession, or even warfare, they must never *appear* to be regarding their occupation too seriously. Those who know us—and who, nowadays, has the excuse for not knowing us, seeing how very much we have been discussed?—understand that our frivolity is apparent and not real. Because we have the gift of laughter, we are no less appreciative of grim realities than are our scowling enemies, and nobody knows that better in these days than those scowling enemies themselves.

Their hymns of hate and prayers for punishment have been impotent expressions of exasperation at our coolness, deliberation, and inflexible determination—qualities they had deluded themselves before the war into believing would prove all a sham before the first blast of frightfulness. They told themselves that, a war once actually begun, the imperturbable pipe-smoking John Bull would be transformed into a cowering craven. More complete confusion of this false belief is nowhere to be found than in these two volumes of “Fragments.” It ranks as a colossal German defeat that successive bloodthirsty assaults upon us by land, sea and air should produce a Bairnsfather, depicting the “contemptible little Army,” swollen out of all recognition, settling humorously down to war as though it were the normal business of life.

“Fed up”? Yes, that is the word by which to describe, if you like, the prevalent Bairnsfather expression of countenance. But the kind of weariness he depicts is the reverse of the kind that implies “give up.” *Au contraire, mes amis!* The “fed-up” Bairnsfather man is a fixture. “*J’y suis,*” he might exclaim, if he spoke French, “*et il m’embête que j’y suis. Je voudrais que je n’y sois pas. Mais j’y suis, et, mes bons camarades, par tous les dieux, j’y reste!*”

If the enemy should read in the words “fed up” a sign that our tenacity is giving out, he reads it wrong; grim will be the disillusionment of any hopes he may build upon his misreading, and even grimmer the anger of those whom he may have deluded.

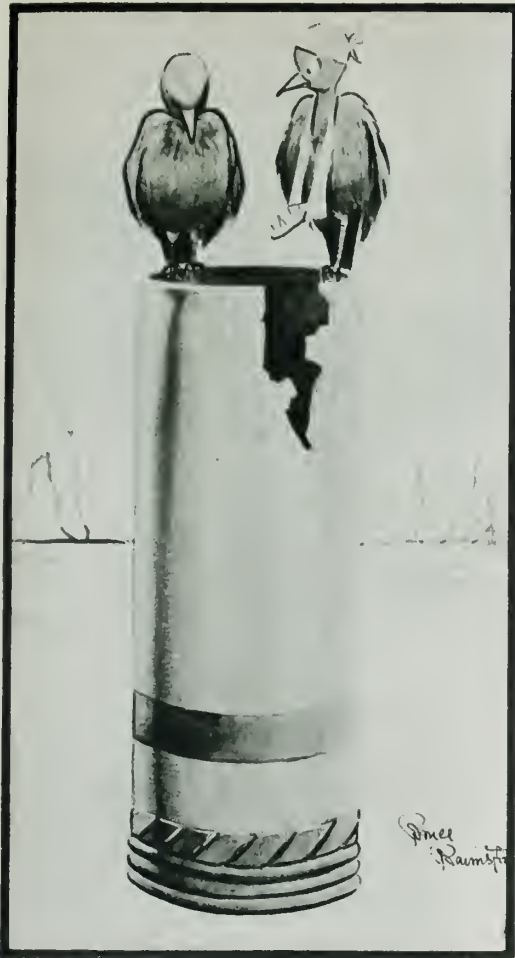
These *verdammte Engländer* are never what they seem, but are always something unpleasantly different. We are the Great Enigma of the war, and in our mystery lies our greatest strength. Let us be careful not to lose it. Those who would have us simplify ourselves upon the continental model, and present to the world a picture of sombre seriousness, are asking us to change our national character. Cromwell asked the painter to paint him, “warts and all.” Bairnsfather sketches us—smiles and all. And who would take the smiles off the “dials” of the figures you will see on the pages that follow?





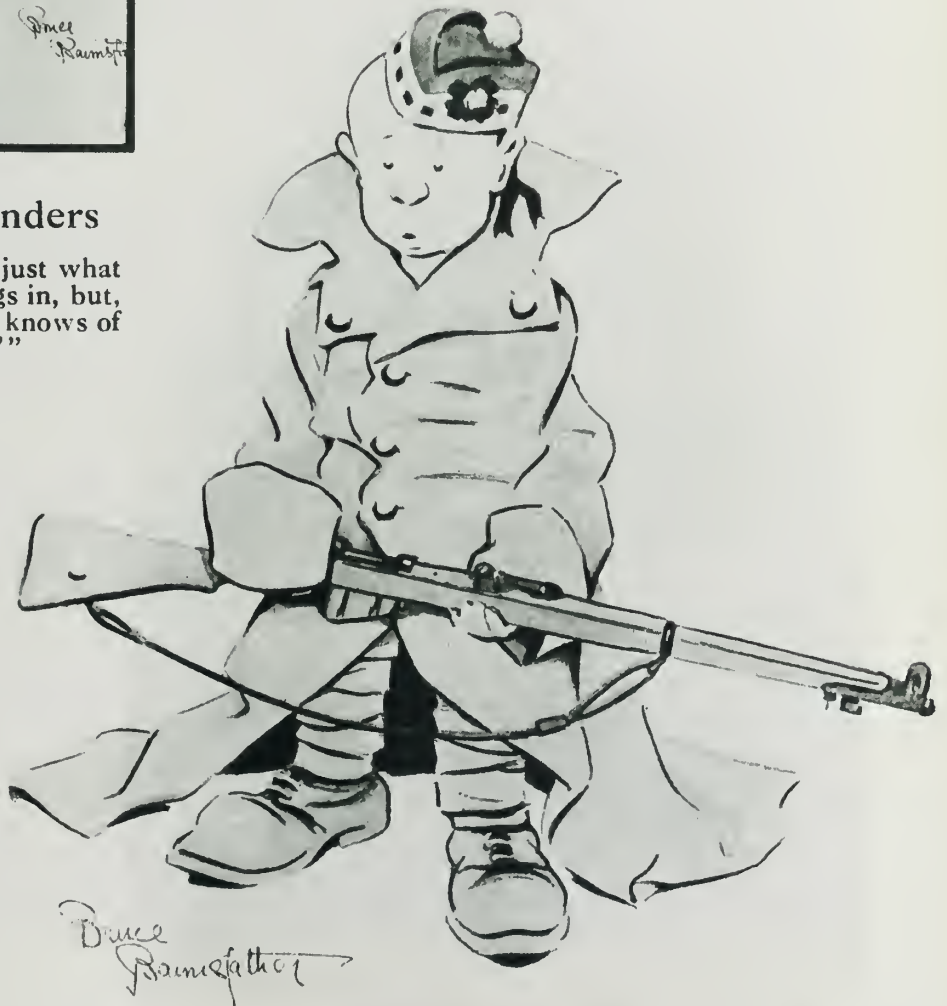
The Dud Shell—Or the Fuse-Top Collector

"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert; you can generally 'ear 'em fizzing a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode"



Springtime in Flanders

"Personally, I think this is just what you want for laying your eggs in, but, as Bairnsfather says, 'If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it'"



"What's all this about unmarried men?"



That Hat

"Pop out and get it, Bert"

"Pop out yerself"



Bruce
Rainwater

When One Would Like to Start an Offensive on One's Own
RECIPE FOR FEELING LIKE THIS—Bully, biscuits, no coke, and leave just cancelled



Trouble With One of the Souvenirs

"'Old these a minute while I takes that blinkin' smile off 'is dial"



The Historical Touch

"Well, Alfred, 'ow are the cakes?"



His Initiation

No. 99988 Private Blobs (on sentry-go) feels that he has at last stumbled across the true explanation of that somewhat cryptic expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night!"



Those Superstitions

Private Sandy McNab cheers the assembly by pointing out (with the aid of his pocket almanac) that it is Friday the 13th and that their number is one too many

Bruce Bairnsfather



The Professional Touch

"Chuck us out that bag o' bombs, mate: it's under your 'ead"



The Conscientious Exhilarator

"Every encouragement should be given for singing and whistling."—(Extract from a "Military Manual.")

That painstaking fellow, Lieut. Orpheus, does his best, but finds it uphill work at times



The Nest

"'Ere, when you're finished, I'll borrow that there top note of yours to clean the knives with"

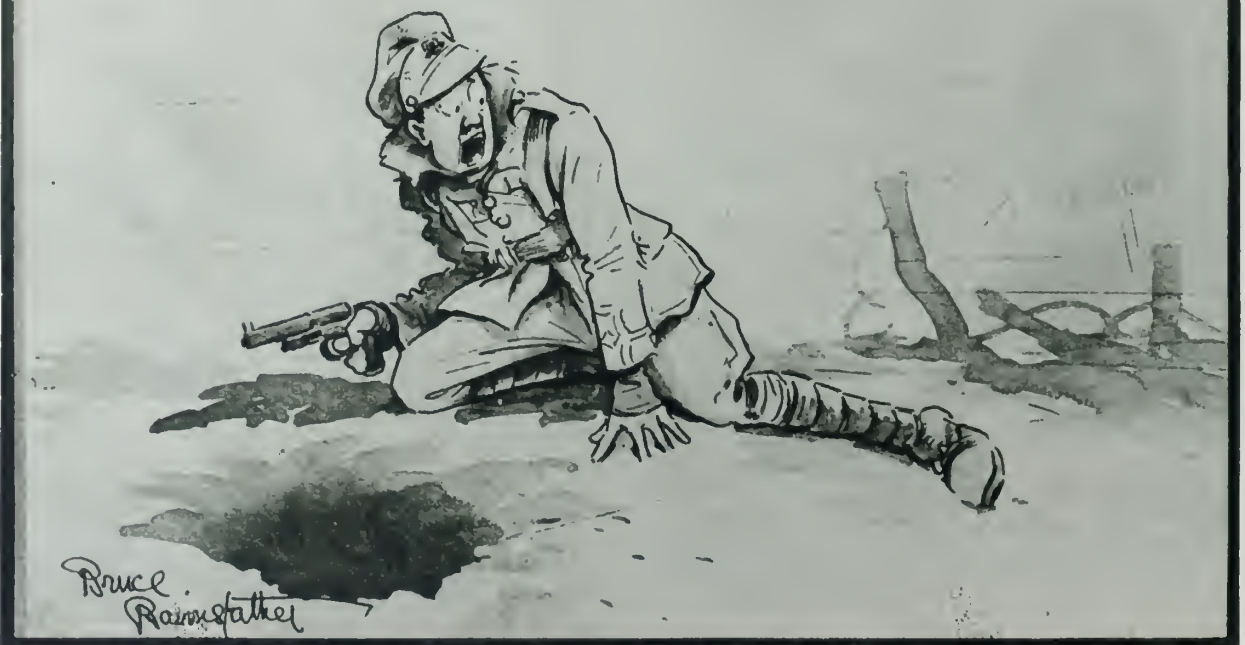


Immediate and Important !

Never has Private Smith's face felt so large and smooth as when he hands his Captain the following message at what he feels is an unsuitable moment :
"The G.O.C. notices with regret the tendency of all ranks to shave the upper lip. This practice must cease forthwith"



2nd Lieut P. Smith, at the taking of "dead-pig" farm
"Come on you chaps! We'll show these —s
Which side their —bread's buttered!"



Other Times, Other Manners
The Decline of Poetry and Romance in War



Happy Memories of the Zoo

"What time do they Feed the Sea-Lions, Alf?"



Observation

"'Ave a squint through these 'ere, Bill; you can see one of the ——'s eatin' a sausage as clear as anythin'"



Letting Himself Down

Having omitted to remove the elastic band prior to descent, Herr Franz von Flopp feels that the trial exhibition of his new parachute is a failure



Old Saws and New M

There is certainly a lot of truth in the Napo



eanings—By Bairnsfather

enic maxim. "An army moves on its stomach"



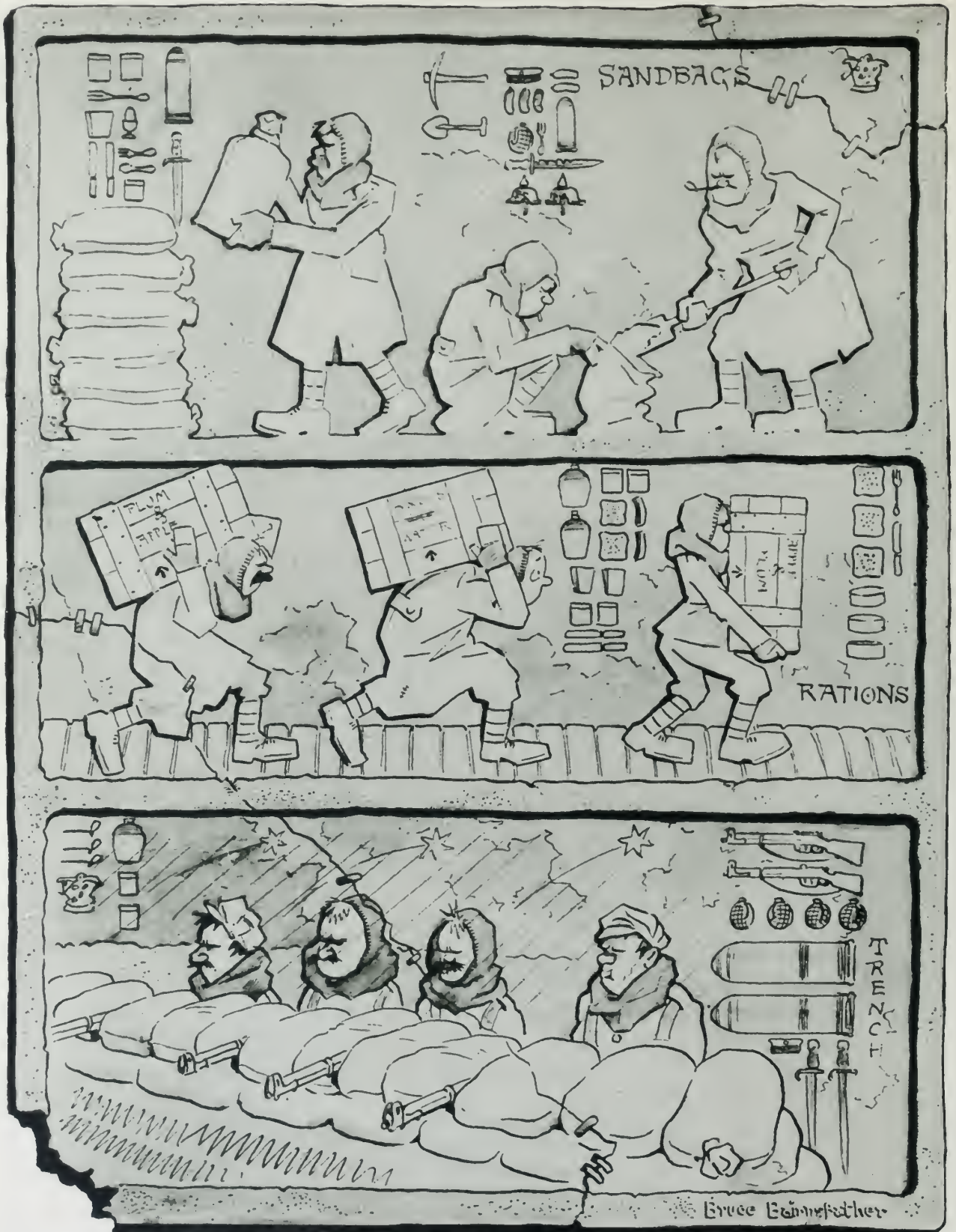
His Dual Obsession

Owing to the frequent recurrence of this dream, Herr Fritz von Lagershifter has decided to take his friends' advice: Give up sausage late at night and brood less upon the possible size of the British Army next spring



The Communication Trench

PROBLEM—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or do another mile of this



Valuable Fragment from Flanders : It All Comes to This in Time

"This interesting fragment, found near Ypres (known to the ancients as Wipers), throws a light on a subject which has long puzzled science, i.e., what was the origin and meaning of those immense zigzag slots in the ground stretching from Ostend to Belfort? There is no doubt that there was some inter-tribal war on at this period."—Extract from "The Bystander," A.D. 4916



Nobbled

"'Ow long are you up for, Bill?"

"Seven years"

"Yer lucky —, I'm duration"



In Nineteen Something: General Sir Ian Jelloid at Home

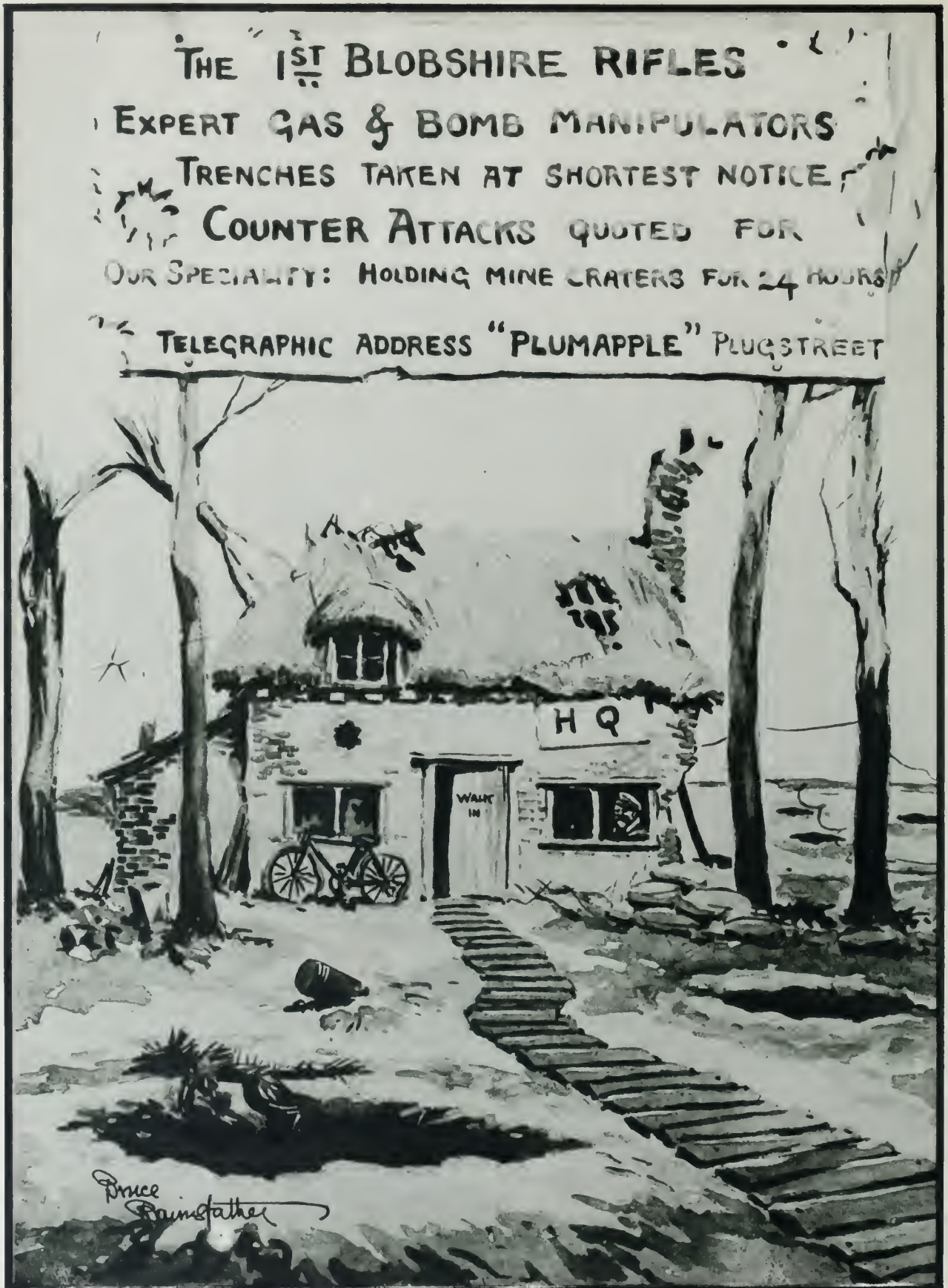
Having picked up this cherished possession for a mere song at a sale near Verdun, the General has now let his country seat, "Shrapnel Park," and says he finds the new abode infinitely cheaper, and not a bit draughty, if you keep the breech closed



The Intelligence Department

"Is this 'ere the Warwicks?"

"Nao. 'Indenburg's blinkin' Light Infantry"



Pushfulness at Plug Street

Colonel Ian Jelloid, of the Blobshire Rifles, being an energetic and businesslike man, believes in advertising as an antidote to stagnant warfare



His Secret Sorrow

"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face against some of them forts at Verdun!"



In and Out (I)

That last half-hour before "going in" to the same trenches for the 200th time



In and Out (II)

That first half-hour after "coming out" of those same trenches

This interesting view for 6 months or



This for half an hour

Price Dainisjath



War!

—As it is for most of us

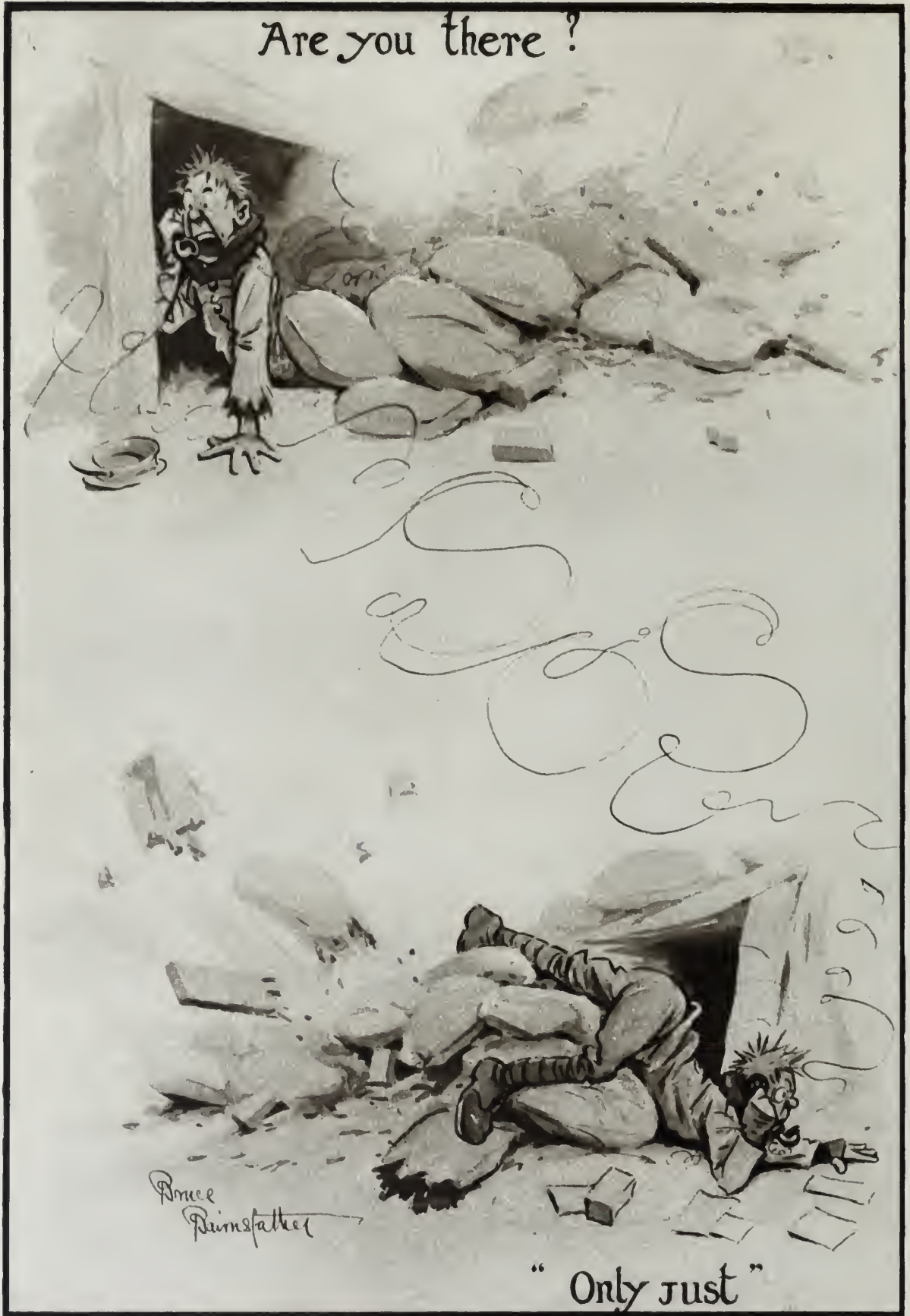


A Matter of Moment

"What was that, Bill?"

"Trench mortar"

"Ours or theirs?"



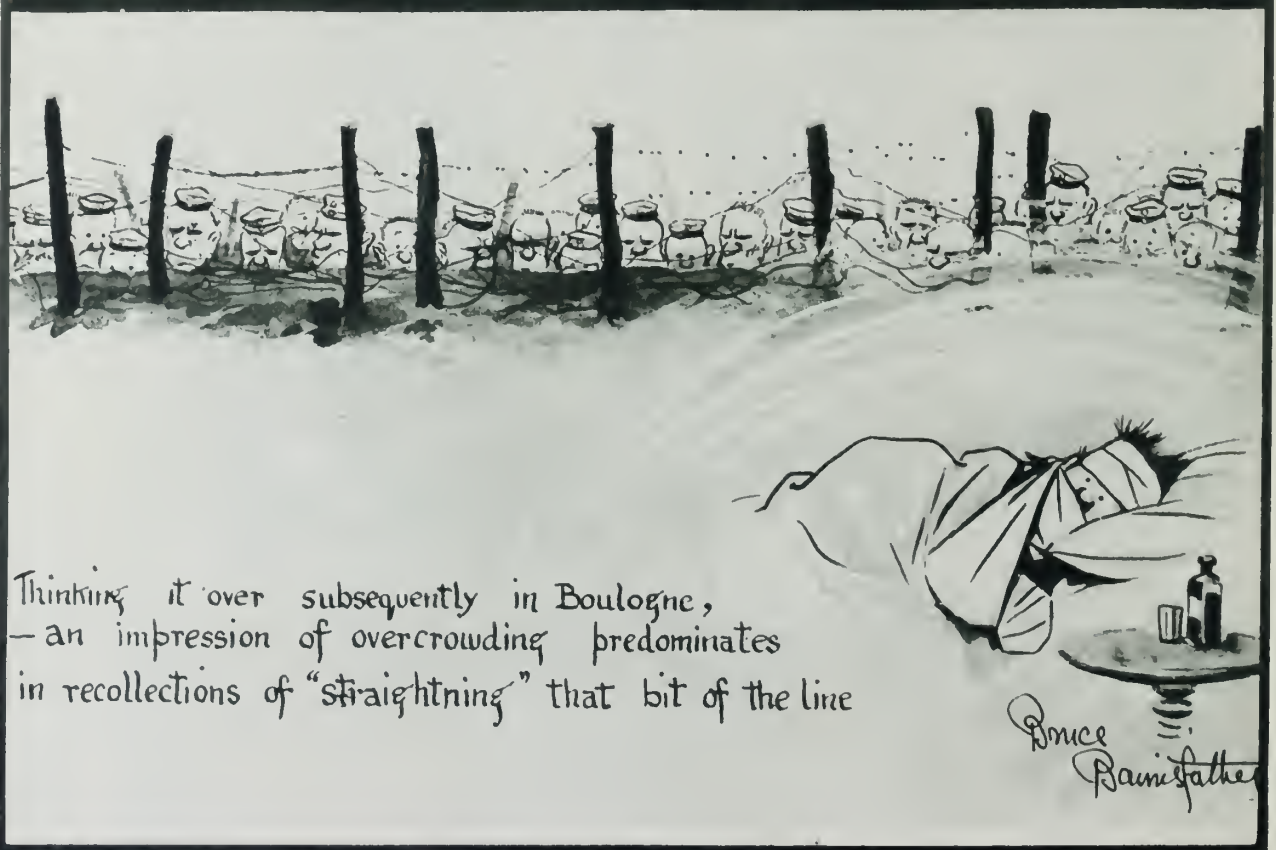
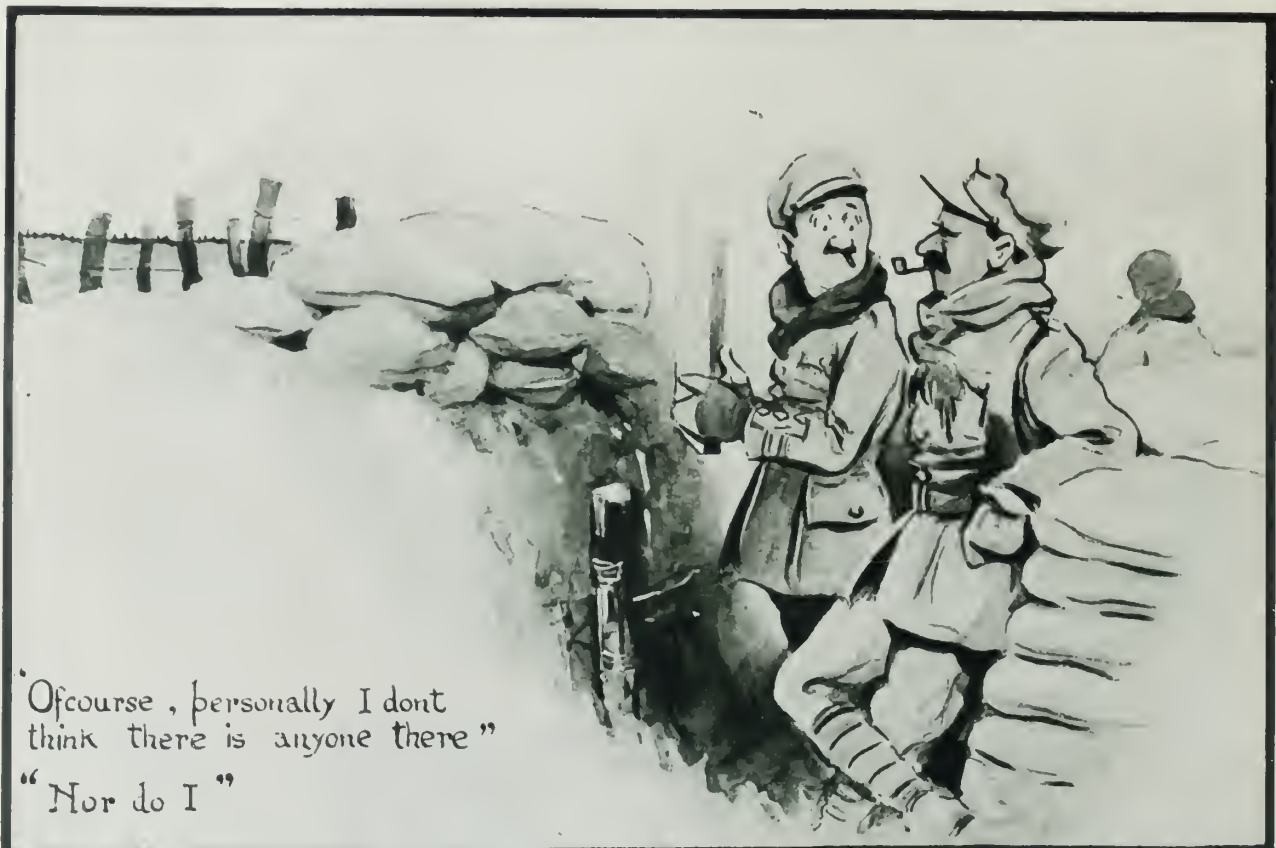
“S.O.S.”

The Hard Lines of Communication



The New Submarine Danger

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick 'ere much longer, Bill"



"We Look Before—And After"



Con Moto Perpetuo

"OUR BERT" (going on leave—having asked a question, and having listened to three minutes' unintelligible eloquence): "And 'ow does the chorus go?"



The Saint

That indiscriminating orb, the moon, gives Private Scattergood a saintly appearance, sadly out of keeping with his thoughts. He's filling 100 sandbags at 11 p.m.



Those Tubular Trenches

"Is this right for 'eadquarters?"
"Yes, change at Oxford Circus"



"LEAVE"

A Splendid workaday Pen Second only to the "Swan"



With Pocket
Clip, 5/6

Recommended for Soldiers, Sailors, Students and Clerks.

Because the price of the now famous "Blackbird" Fountain Pen is 5/- only, some regard it as a boy's or youth's pen—one that may be ill-used without much loss. This is true, and yet it is also a pen for hard work—strong, lasting and serviceable. It is issued to meet a want, and to cultivate the fountain pen habit. Every user of a "Blackbird" will some day own a "Swan," which is the highest standard of fountain pen quality—the pen by which all others are judged.

THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

MADE BY THE "SWAN" PEN PEOPLE.

The "Blackbird" at Amal and France.

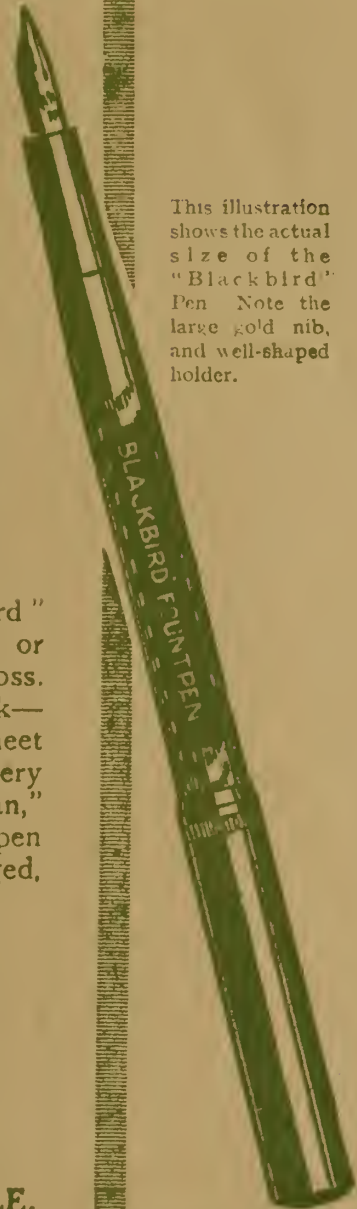
A Corporal writes (August, 1916)—: "While on leave in Cairo, I decided to buy a pen, so walked into a stationers' shop. They recommended a 'Blackbird.' I discovered it was a Mable Todd, so bought one. That was over twelve months ago, and it has never given me the slightest trouble. It writes as it did when purchased."

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS WHO SELL "SWAN" PENS

Or by post from the Makers.
In United Kingdom 3d. extra. To Expeditionary Force,
and Imperial Postage, 4d. extra.

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Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago



This illustration shows the actual size of the "Blackbird" Pen. Note the large gold nib, and well-shaped holder.

Stocked with the following nibs:
Fine, Medium,
Medium Broad,
Broad, Oblique,
Turned-Up.



"SWAN" INK
TABLETS.

One to a penful
of water. 40 in
Nickel Tube, 6d.
Larger Tube, 1/-

VINOLIA

FOR THE WOMAN WORKER'S TOILET.



TENDER HEARTS AND SLENDER HANDS.

NO one knows better than nurses and others who help in our hospitals how difficult it is to keep the hands smooth and soft. Scrupulous cleanliness must be maintained, and the scrubbing of floors and woodwork, the washing of dishes and the cleaning of metalwork are bound to make the hands rough and hard, unless precaution is taken.

ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM

will meet the nurse's need exactly. A little of this antiseptic cream rubbed on the hands night and morning will keep them soft, white and supple. It quickly soothes and heals all cuts and abrasions of the skin. For keeping the complexion clear and fresh, Royal Vinolia Cream is ideal.

IN BOXES,

1/1½, 2/-,

3/9 & 6/9.



ROYAL VINOLIA TALCUM POWDER gives the complexion a peach-like bloom keeping the skin cool and soft. Sprinkled in the shoes, it gives ease and comfort to the feet through long hours of standing. In dainty tins of Wedgwood design. Price 1/3

To keep the teeth white and sound and to purify the mouth, ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE, antiseptic and refreshing, should be used by every nurse night and morning. Tubes, 6d. & 1/-

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON — PARIS.

R.V. 267-25

STILL MORE BYSTANDER FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE

No. 3



*Lets ave this pin of yours a minute
I'll soon 'ave these winkles out of 'ere"*

By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather.

1/6
NET



Admiral Jellicoe's "Swan" Pen

"Admiral Jellicoe signed his name with my 'Swan' Fountain Pen, which he highly praised; and, indeed, it writes very smoothly and easily. Before taking leave, I told the Admiral that he would be affording me great joy if he would consent to accept this pen from me as a memento.

"So when I have occasion to read about the exploits of the Grand Fleet I shall imagine that the orders and reports of the Admiral were signed with my pen."

The above extract is from an article by M. Nabokov Russian Journalist, in the "TIMES," April 29, 1918

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

Sold by all High-Class Stationers Everywhere

Standard Pattern, with
slip-on cap, from 10/6

Safety Pattern, with
screw-on cap, from 12/6

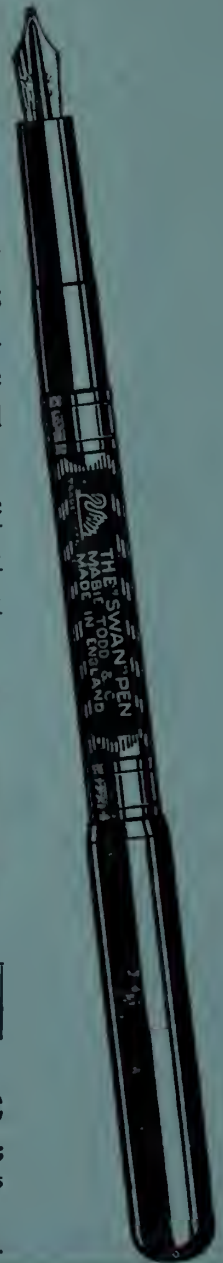
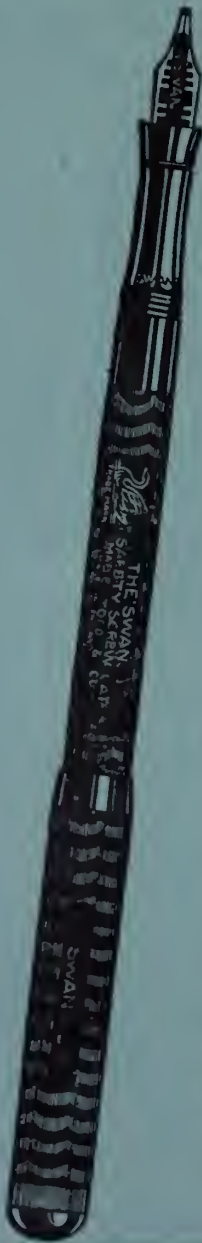
Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79-80 High Holborn, London, W.C

38 Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204 Regent Street, W. London;
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London Factory—318-329 Weston Street, S.E.

Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



STILL MORE
FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. III

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4,
190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

FOREWORD

By the Editor of "The Bystander."



THE War has now become the normal business of every man's life. Even his hurried and slight relaxations are tinged with it. He has little to laugh at. But still he laughs. A nation that can take Food Dictators and Manhood Power Boards with a laugh will take its attenuated pleasures with a roar.

And among its pleasures are the "Fragments." Those who have enjoyed the first two volumes of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" will enjoy this, the Third Volume, even more. It is every bit as good as the others—it could not, of course, be better! Again, "Old Bill" and "Our Bert" and "Alf," seriously comical and comically serious, fill the pages with their humour—always dry, be their surroundings never so wet. Their jokes never fail to hit the mark. And the pictures——!

Captain Bairnsfather's pictures are "the real thing." They have ceased to be merely a household word—they are a stage-word, and a street-word. They possess the magical power of investing monotony of theme with endless variety of incident. They make the Old Army laugh. They make the New Army laugh. They make civilians laugh. They make the Press Bureau laugh. They—but what's the use of saying more? Everybody knows Bairnsfather and his "Fragments."

Now turn over the pages, and—

Laugh!



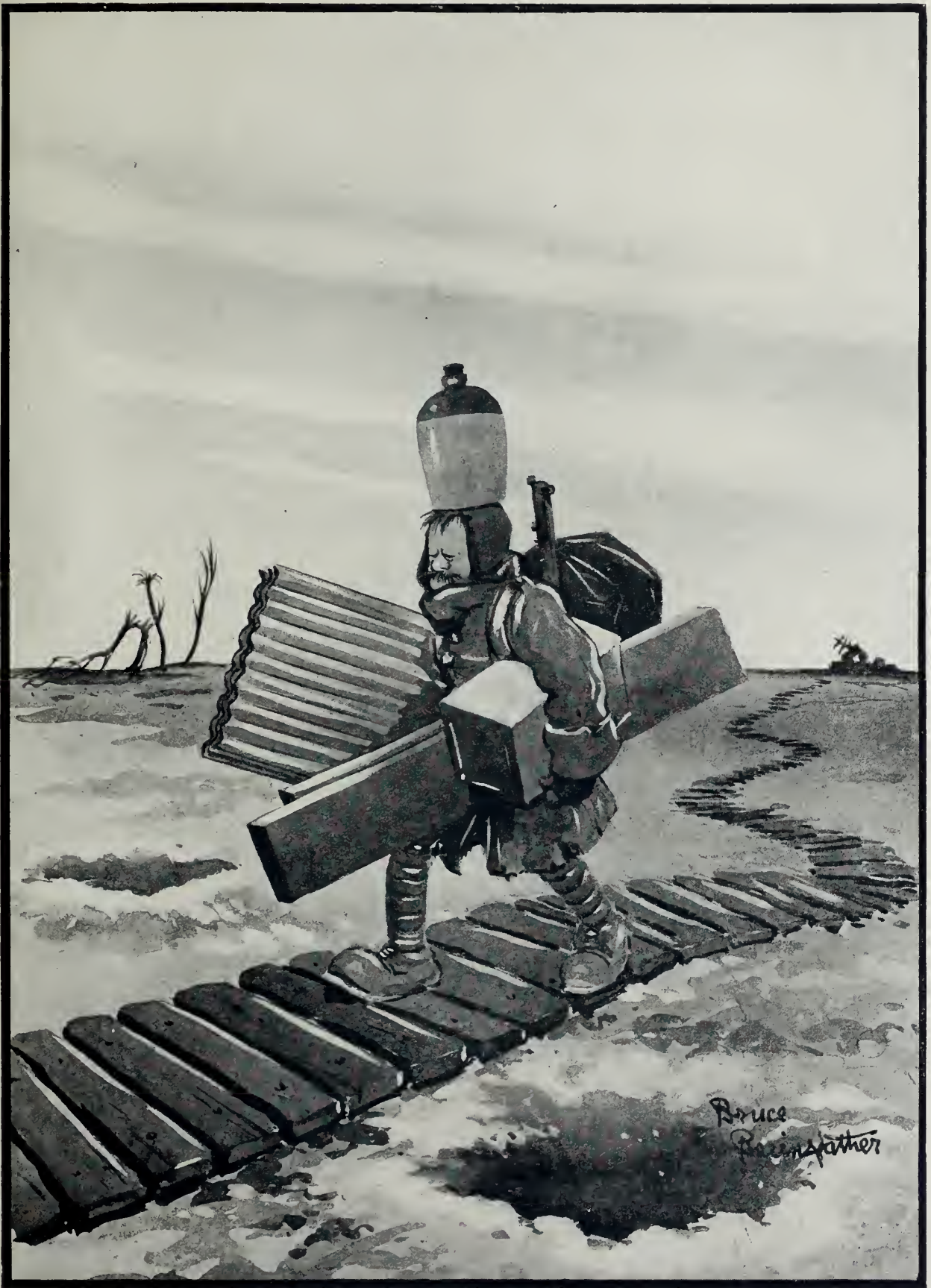
Camera Portrait

Statue

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

-
- "BAIRNSFATHER." A few Fragments from his Life. Fifty Original Sketches. Post free, 4/.
 - "BULLETS AND BILLETS." Bairnsfather's Life at the Front. Forty Original Sketches. Post free, 5/6.
 - "FRAGMENTS" PLAYING CARDS. Many Subjects. Per Pack, post free, 1/9.
 - "FRAGMENTS" POST CARDS. A new set every month. Per set of Six Cards, post free, 8d.
 - "FRAGMENTS" Edition de Luxe. Specially suitable for presentation. Post free, 5/6.
 - "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE." Volumes I. and II. Post free, 1/3 each.

All the above can be obtained from the Publisher, Tallis House, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., or "The Graphic Gallery," 190, Strand, London, W.C.



There are times when Private Lightfoot feels absolutely convinced that it's going to be a War of Exhaustion



Real Sympathy

"I wish you'd get something for that — cough o' yours. That's the second time you've blown the blinkin' candle out!"



Entanglements

"COME ON, BERT, IT'S SAFER IN THE TRENCHES"



Bruce Bairnsfather

The Whip Hand



Christmas Day : How it dawned for many



Chat on 'Change

"You owes me two francs and I owes you one that's got into the lining of me coat ; that makes it right, don't it P"



Overheard in an Orchard

Said the Apple to the Plum : " Well, anyway, old man, they can never ask us what we did in the great war ! "

The Sort of Film

General Sir Frampton Prendergasp
R.S.V.P. P.T.O. 505 a rising and successful
general, who is plotting an offensive



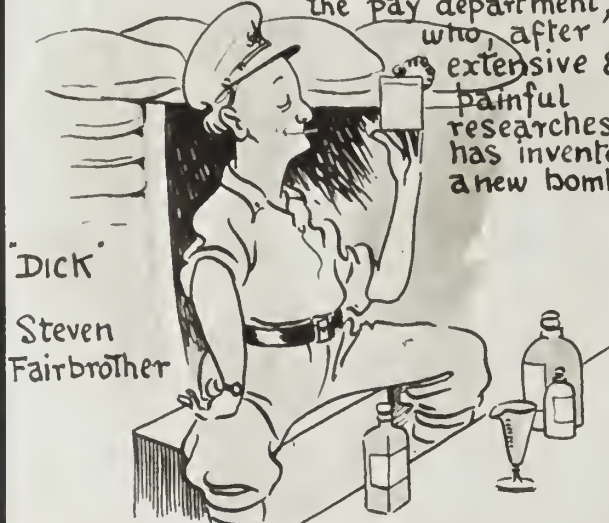
The General Cyrus Moffat

Nancy Prendergasp, his daughter,
who has gone
in for nursing,
unknown to
her Father.
She is in love
with —

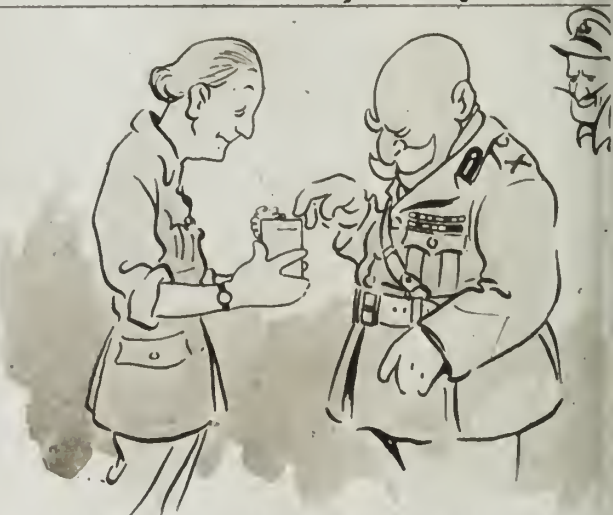


Featuring Miss Sybil Fane

DICK MANVERS a lance Corporal in
the pay department,
who, after
extensive &
painful
researches,
has invented
a new bomb



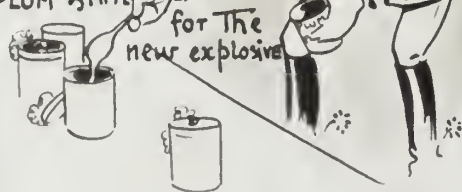
"DICK"
Steven
Fairbrother



Dick shows his new bomb to the General
who decides to use it in the offensive

But is overheard and seen by
Captain ADRIAN BLACK an
unscrupulous
adventurer in the
pay of a powerful
government.

That night he is
seen by Nancy
substituting
PLUM & APPLE



END OF PART I

PART II

WILL FOLLOW
IMMEDIATELY

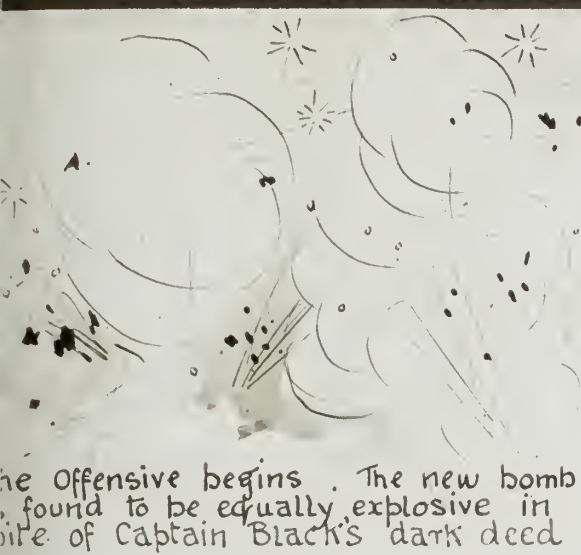
Flanders Film Mfg Co

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. U.S.A.

HOW DICK MANVER

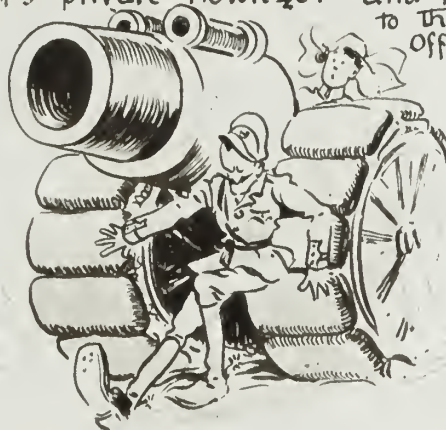
Every familiar feature of the Film is happily caricatured by Captain Bairnsfather in his amusing page of pictures. The hero, the heroine (with smile), the villain, the heavy father, all of the most approved pattern—everything down to the meticulous inaccuracy

We'll Have for Years



The offensive begins. The new bomb found to be equally explosive in the case of Captain Black's dark deed

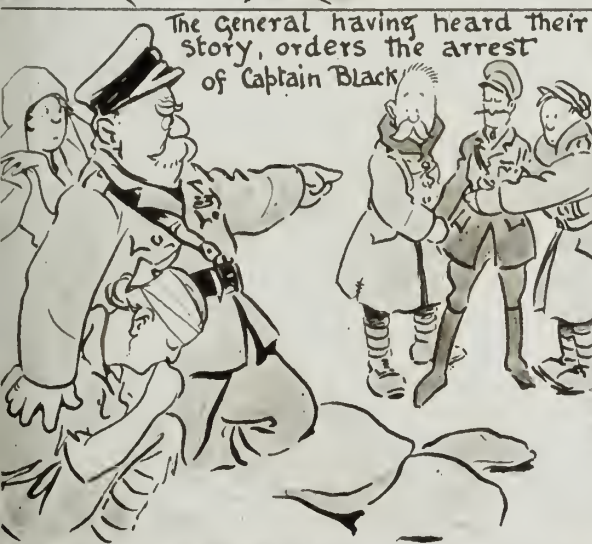
Nancy, who fears disaster, steals her Father's private Howitzer, and races to the offensive



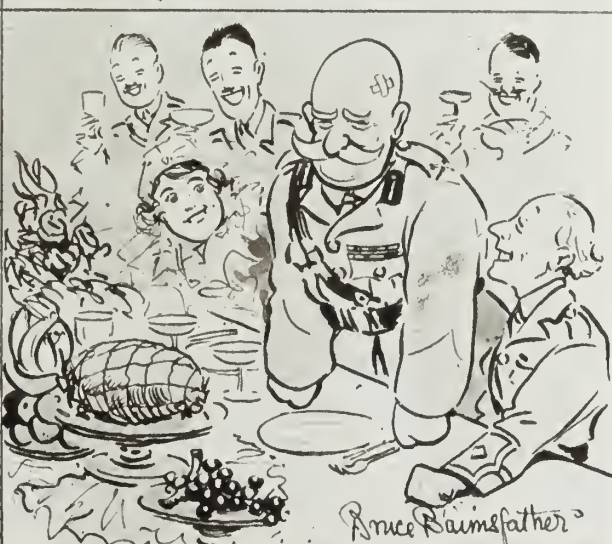
Black throws every obstacle in her way



The General, who has been doing a bit on his own, becomes the unwilling witness of a touching scene



The General having heard their story, orders the arrest of Captain Black



Bruce Bairnsfather

NOT HIS STAR

Characteristic of the American film in matters of detail, is shown with the good-natured sarcasm befitting a master of satire as well as of humour, while the story tells itself with breathless enthusiasm



"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands"

Veni



1914

Vidi



1915

Vici!



1916

*Bruce
Rainsfather*

Augusts Three

To each year its type.



"The Imminent, Deadly Breach"

"Mind you don't fall through the seat of yer trousers, 'Arry!"



Telepathy

"Two minds with but a single thought."

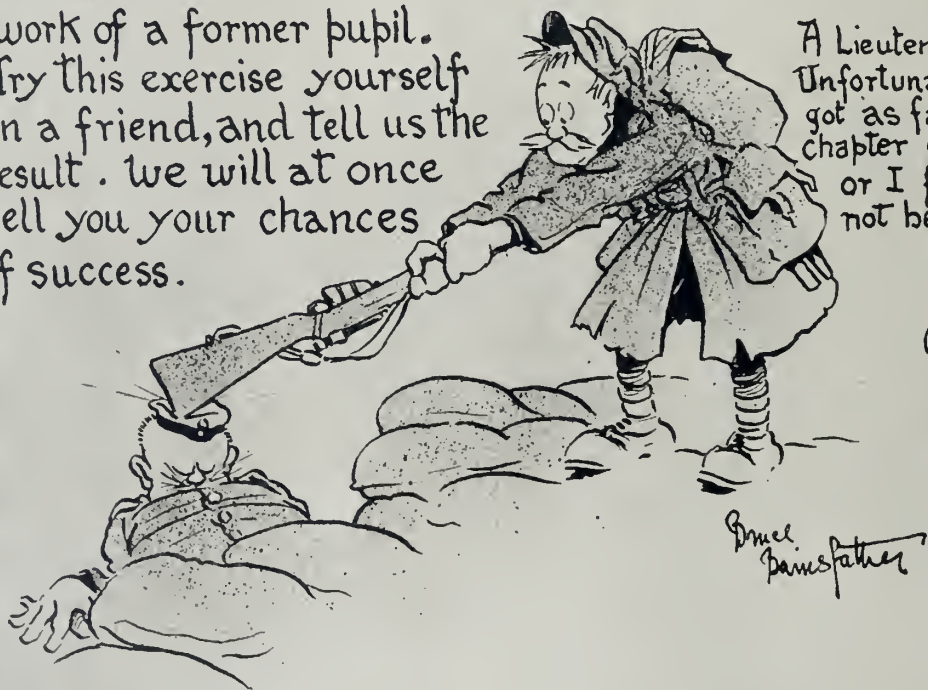
LEARN TO FIGHT

Anyone with a taste for Fishing, or Moth Collecting
can learn to fight.

Anyone can put a hook in a worm, or a pin in a moth.
WE DEVELOP THAT INSTINCT, and by our Postal Course of
Instruction, will help you to earn big money by fighting.

Subjects Taught:- Bayonet work, bombing, & asphyxiation.

This sketch shows the
work of a former pupil.
Try this exercise yourself
on a friend, and tell us the
result. We will at once
tell you your chances
of success.



A Lieutenant writes:—
Unfortunately I had not
got as far as your
chapter on Upper Cuts!
or I feel sure I should
not be where I am now

Yrs truly

Clearing Station
Gezain Court.

The demand for fighters exceeds the supply

write today

The Asphyxobomb School of Instruction
HOOGE.

[ADVT]

Tips for Tommies

Now that the war has become a world business, we must at any moment expect
the appearance of this sort of thing in our papers



Whilst the preliminary bombardment is on, one gets the idea that this is what's happening to the enemy machine guns.



Bruce
Painstalker

yet somehow or other, when one starts for that 220 yds handicap across the turnip field, it feels something like this.

The Offensive

What it looks like—and what it feels like



"Where do yer want this put, Sargint?"



Coming to the Point

"Let's 'ave this pin of yours a miuute. I'll soon 'ave these winkles out of 'ere."



Trouville-

"Tell 'er to 'op it, Bert. I'm si



ur-Somme

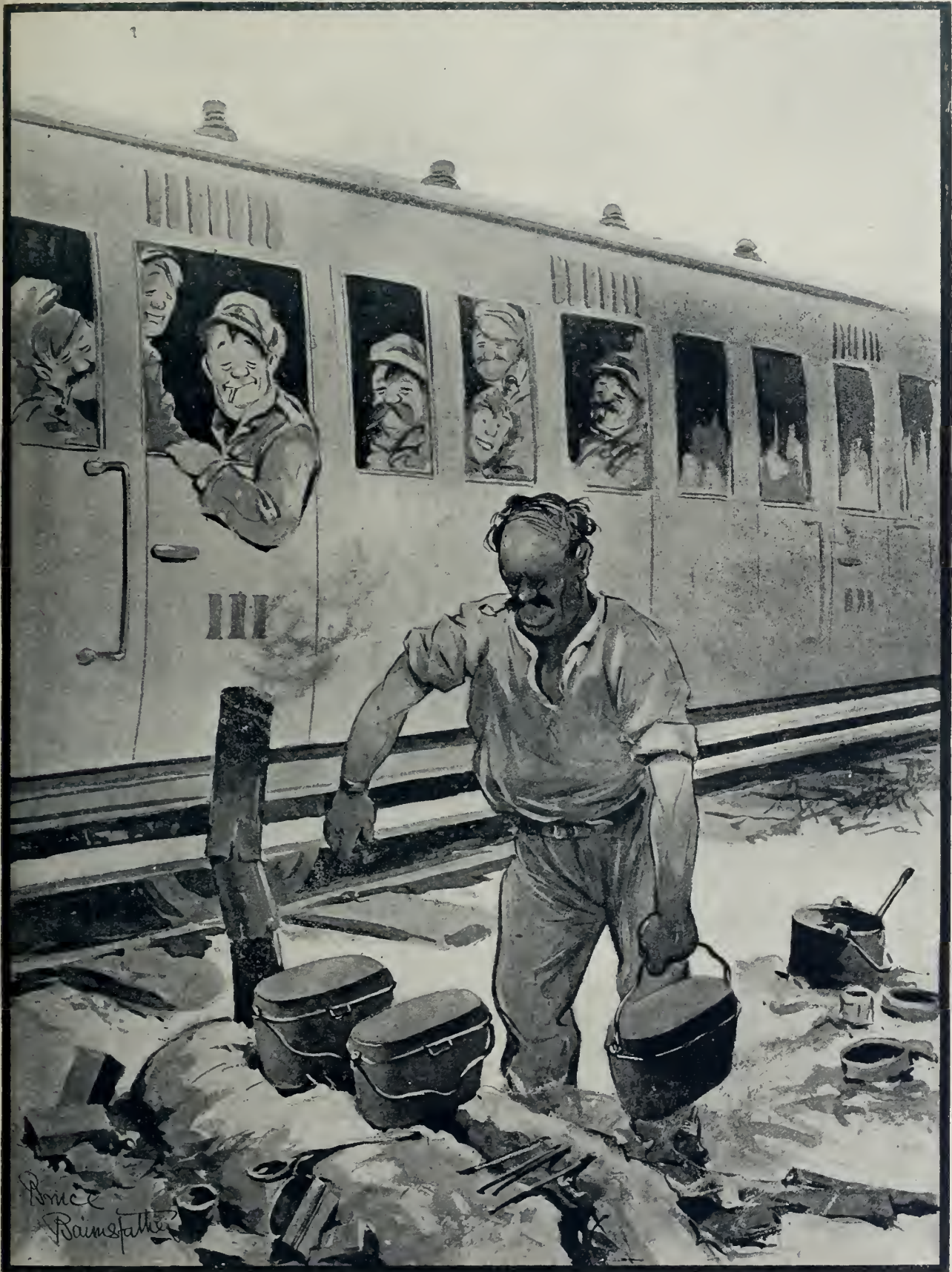
' on a bit o' shell or somethin' "



Bruce
Ruimsfather

Omár the Optimist

"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the row,
A muttered curse, but ne'er a whine, and thou—
Beside me, singing in the wilderness,
The wilderness is Paradise enow."



In Dixie-Land

"Well, Friday—'ow's Crusoe?"



Alas! Poor Herr Von Yorick!

Fricourt—July, 1916



A Castle in the Air

"A few more, Bert, and that there chateau won't be worth livin' in."



The Freedom of the Seas

"I wish they'd 'old this war in England—don't you, Bill?" (No answer).



Urgent

"Quick, afore this comes down!"

That tin hat feels something like this on the way to the offensive



And about like this when you get there



Bruce
Rainfather

My Hat!

Helmets, Shrapnel, One.



Those Signals

THE VIGILANT ONE: "I say, old chap, what does two green lights and one red one mean?"

RECUMBENT GLADIATOR (just back from leave): "Two crèmes de menthe and a cherry brandy!"



His Christmas Goose

"You wait till I comes off dooty!"



"Old Moore" at the Front

"As far as I can make out from this 'ere prophecy-book, Bill, the seventh year is going to be the worst, and after that every fourteenth!"



Supra-Normal

Captain Mills-Bomme's temperature cracks the thermometer on seeing his recent daring exploits described as "On our right there is nothing to report" (He and his battalion had merely occupied three lines of German trenches, and held them through a storm of heavy Lydite for forty-eight hours)



The Candid Friend

"Well, yer know, I like the photo of you in your gas mask best"



The Long and the Short of It

UP LAST DRAFT: "I suppose you 'as to be careful 'ow you looks over the parapet about 'ere"

OUT SINCE MONS: "You needn't worry, me lad; the rats are going to be your only trouble"



Natural History of the War

THE FLANDERS SEA LION (LEO MARITIMUS)

"An almost extinct amphibian, first discovered in Flanders during the Winter of 1914-15. Feeds almost exclusively on Plum and Apple Jam and Rum. Only savage when the latter is knocked off"



Things that Irritate

Private Wm. Jones is not half so annoyed at accidentally falling down the mine crater as he is at hearing two friends murmuring the first verse of "Don't go down the mine, Daddy."



Tactical Developments

Private 9998 Blobs has always thought a machine for imitating the sound of ration parties (and thus drawing fire) an excellent idea, but simply hates his evening for working it



That "Out Wiring" Sensation



That Provost-Marshal Feeling

A sensation only to be had at a Base—in other words, a base sensation



Blighty!

A NEW BAIRNSFATHER "FRAGMENT" EVERY WEEK IN THE "BYSTANDER"

THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

5/-

For Active Service

Although not so good as a "Swan," this simple pen is thoroughly recommended for use by Active Service Men. The strong gold nib, good sturdy holder with large ink capacity and reliable ink feed, make it the best pen value ever offered for 5/-

Just the pen for fighting men. Quick and easy to write with, and nothing to get out of order. Send for one to-day.

"BLACKBIRD"

Fountpens

5/-

With Pocket Clip, 5/6.

SOLD BY STATIONERS EVERYWHERE.

By Post from the Makers :

U.K. Postage 3d

Postage to Expeditionary

Force, and Imperial Postage - 4d

Stocked in a wide range of Nibs. If ordering by post state what kind of nib you favour—Fine, Medium, Broad or Oblique.

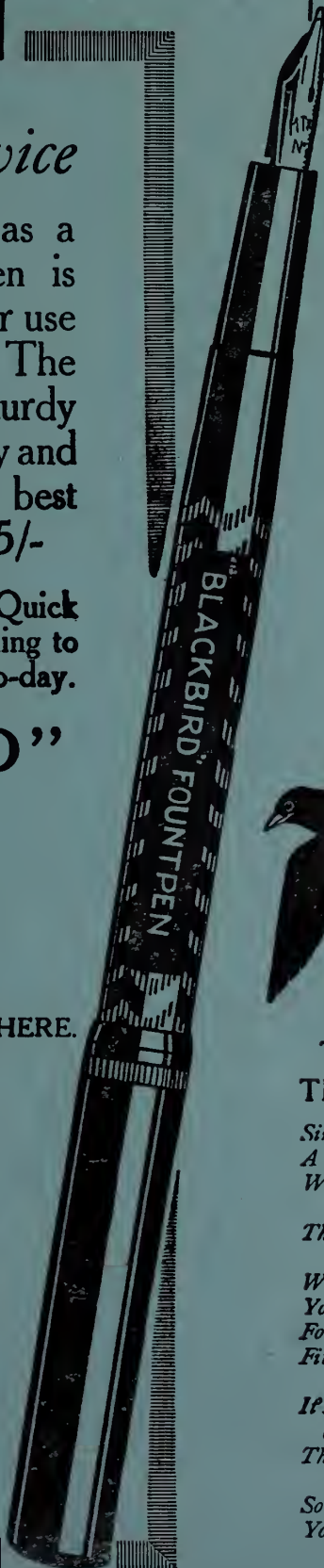
Catalogue Post Free on request.

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London Factory—319-320 Weston Street, S.E. ; Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



The "Blackbird" takes "Swan" Ink Tablets, when fluid ink is unobtainable. 40 Tablets in Nickel Tube 6d. One to a penful of water.



THE SONG OF THE BLACKBIRD

*Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of ten
Will buy a splendid
"Blackbird,"
The best five shilling pen.*

*When the box is opened,
You'll begin to sing ;
For it is a treasure,
Fit for any king.*

*It's made by Mabie, Todd
and Co.,
The makers of the
"Swan" ;
So if their mark is on it
You'll know there's nothing
wrong.*

SUNLIGHT



A BOX OF SUNLIGHT IN FRANCE
IS WORTH TWO IN THE "BUSH."

THE Australian is no stranger to Sunlight. The tan on his cheek, the badge on his hat, his smart bearing and clean appearance, all proclaim Sunlight; besides which there are his great and lasting records as a "Clean Fighter."

He has a "Sunlight" works all his own in Sydney, N.S.W. In New South Wales they say, "No soap washes like Sunlight." All the world over it is acknowledged to represent the highest standard of Soap Quality and Efficiency.

£1,000 Guarantee of Purity on every Bar.

Include a Tablet in your next parcel to the Fleet or Front.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

B 311-86

NUMBER FOUR

The Bystander's

FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



"Keep away from the 'Ive, Bert; 'e's goin' to sting yer"

By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

1/6
NET

He needs a "Swan" Pen

Is it not certain that when your soldier friend concludes his letter with the words "Excuse pencil," he would appreciate the gift of a "Swan" Fountainpen? Send him one to-day. He will admire your forethought and you will better enjoy his letters, for they will be more readable—and longer.

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

has no valves or levers to adjust—nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable, it can be "loaded" with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water. 40 Tablets in Nickel Tube cost 6d.

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

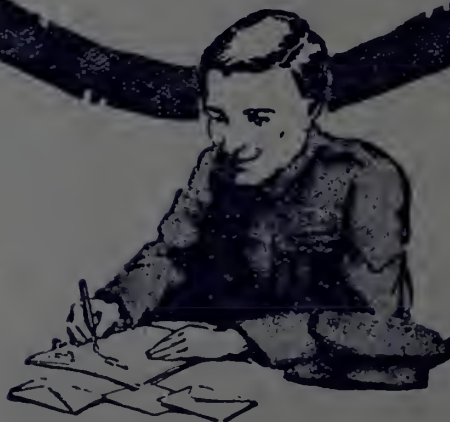
Safety Pattern, with Screw-on Cap.
May be carried in any position.
From 12/6 up.

Standard Pattern, with Slip-on Cap.
To be carried upright
From 10/6 up.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.
1st Cheapside, E.C.; 95A and 90A Regent St., W., London; 3 Exchange St., Manchester;
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329 Weston St., S.E.
Associated House—Mabie Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

No war-time advance in prices of "Swan" Pens though other makes have been put up about 20% without, however, any change in the pens,—just 20% increase for nothing.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue



A dealer sending a "Swan" back for adjustment writes:—

"We send you a B2 "Safety Pen" which a wounded soldier has just brought in. We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him, as he has a great esteem for the pen, and declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign and brought back with him in a whole and sound condition.

Size 1 Stand and Pattern, slip-on cap, with clip, 11/6

Size 2c Safety Pattern, full covered rolled gold, 35/-

Size 2c Safety Pattern, with screw-on cap, 12/6

Size 1 with two 18ct rolled gold bands, 14/6

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. IV

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
LONDON : TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4,
AND 190, STRAND, W.C. 2

“FRAGMENTS from FRANCE”

Foreword to the Fourth Volume

By the Editor of “The Bystander”



YES! MORE OF THEM!

Just as, umpty years ago, people used to look forward with an almost greedy anxiety to the day when the next monthly part of the “Pickwick Papers,” in its green paper cover, was due to appear, so now they worry the bookstall newsvendors to know when the next volume of FRAGMENTS will be ready.

Bairnsfather’s pictures they want to have always by them — and they can’t very well carry a file of THE BYSTANDER about with them. *Bairnsfather in a handy form is what they want.*

And here they have it.

That much-ried trio, “Old Bill,” “Alf” and “Bert”—as immortal through Bairnsfather’s pencil as other “Soldiers Three” are through Kipling’s pen—are here again to be found indulging in every variety of objurgation, but always recognising the ludicrous side of their *soi-disant* lamentations.

And since they can laugh at their labours, they make us all laugh with them.

They have their place in the gallery of the grotesque; but they have their place also in the hearts of their countrymen. For it is owing to them that their countrymen *have* a country.

And it is just because Bairnsfather has seen in them the simple man caught in the vortex of a war of unaccustomed complexity, and shown them to us in proof that human nature and humour survive in the heart of horrors, that, as in the three former volumes of “Fragments from France,” so in this, the fourth, lies the key to the proper understanding of the men who are beating the Boche.

So, if you want that key, you have only to turn the pages.



Camera Portrait.

F. O. Hoppe.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



Still Keeping His Hand In

Private Smith (late Shinio, the popular juggler) appreciably lowers the protective value of his section's shrapnel helmets by practising his celebrated plate and basin spinning act



Those — Mouth-Organs

"Keep away from the 'ive, Bert; 'e's goin' to sting yer!"



Modern Topography

“Well, you see, here’s the church and there’s the post-office”



"There Was a Young Man of Cologne"

(I've forgotten the rest of the poem, but it's something about "a bomb" and
"If only he'd known")



Those Raiders at the Seat of War

"I wish the 'ell you'd put a cork on that blinkin' pin of yours, Bert!"



Romance, 1917

"Darling, every potato that I have is yours" (engaged).



That Periscope Sensation

" I wonder if I oughtn't to tell the captain about that thing sticking up in the sea over there "



At the Brewery Baths

“You should see another coddling at me, my lad, and you’ll hear from my collector.”



In the Support Trench

Old Bill has practically decided to get Private Shinio (the ex-comedy-juggler and hand-balancer) transferred to another platoon



It's the Little Things that Worry

What is so particularly annoying to Private Lovebird is, that he would not have had this bother with his dug-out if his leave had not been postponed



If Only They'd Make "Old Bill" President of Those Tribunals

"Well, what's your job, me lad?"

"Making spots for rocking-horses, sir"

"Three months"

"Exemption, sir?"

"Nao, exemption be ——d! Three months' hard!"



The Stargazers
—and their return to earth



A Miner Success

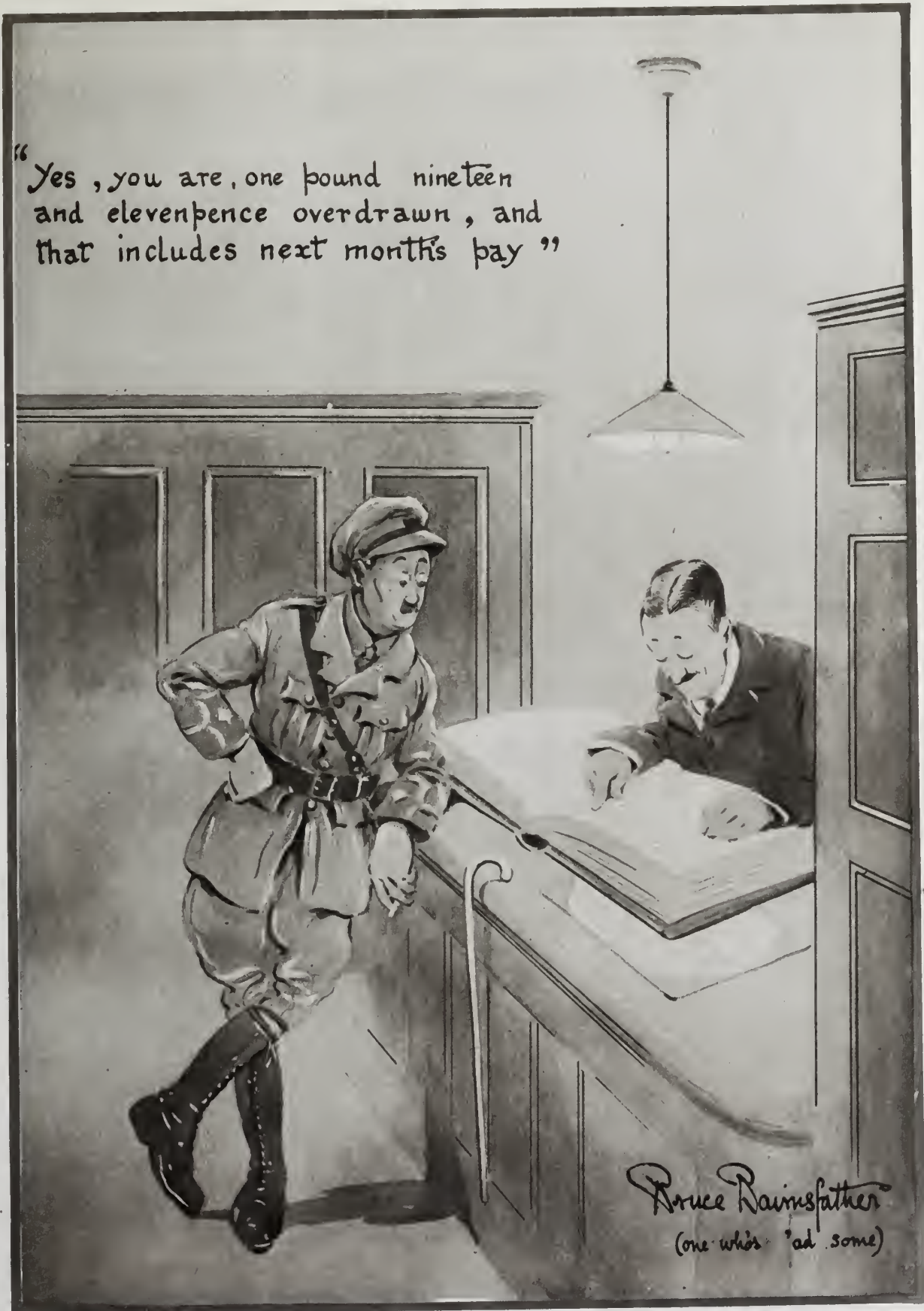
"They must 'ave 'ad some good news or somethin', Alf; you can 'ear 'em cheerin' quite plain"



Birds of Ill Omen

"There's evidently goin' to be an offensive around 'ere, Bert"

"Yes, you are, one pound nineteen
and elevenpence overdrawn, and
that includes next month's pay"



Cox's

When one feels rather in favour of floating a War Loan of one's own



This M

"These 'ere staff cars do splash a



ldy War

, don't they Bill?" (No answer)



Down at the Ration Dump

"Call me a Tank again, my lad, and I'll knock yer — 'ead off!"



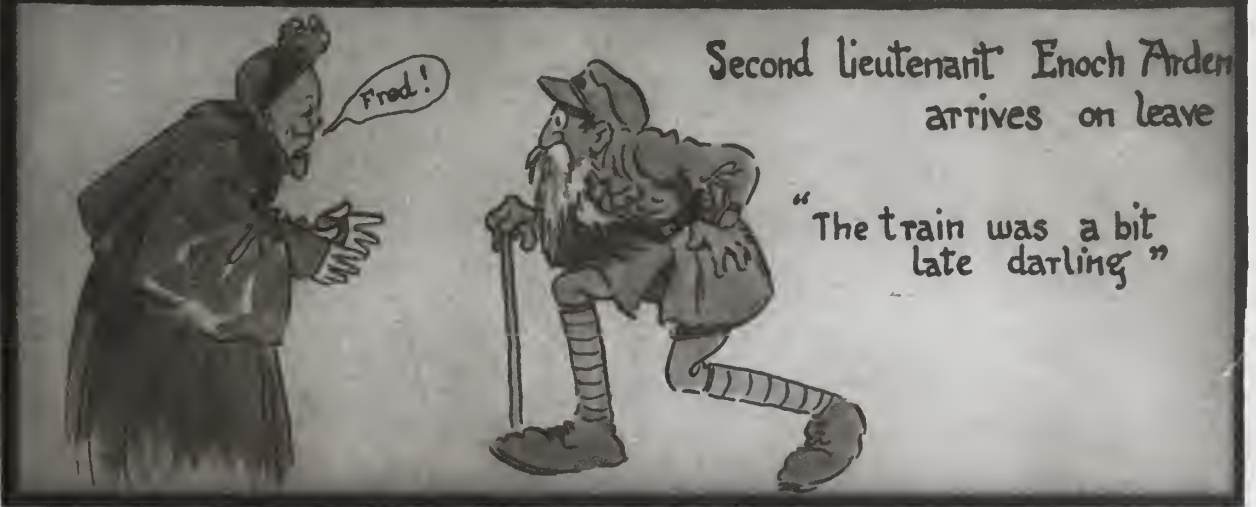
The Glorious Fifth

"'Ere, Guy Fawkes—buzz off!"



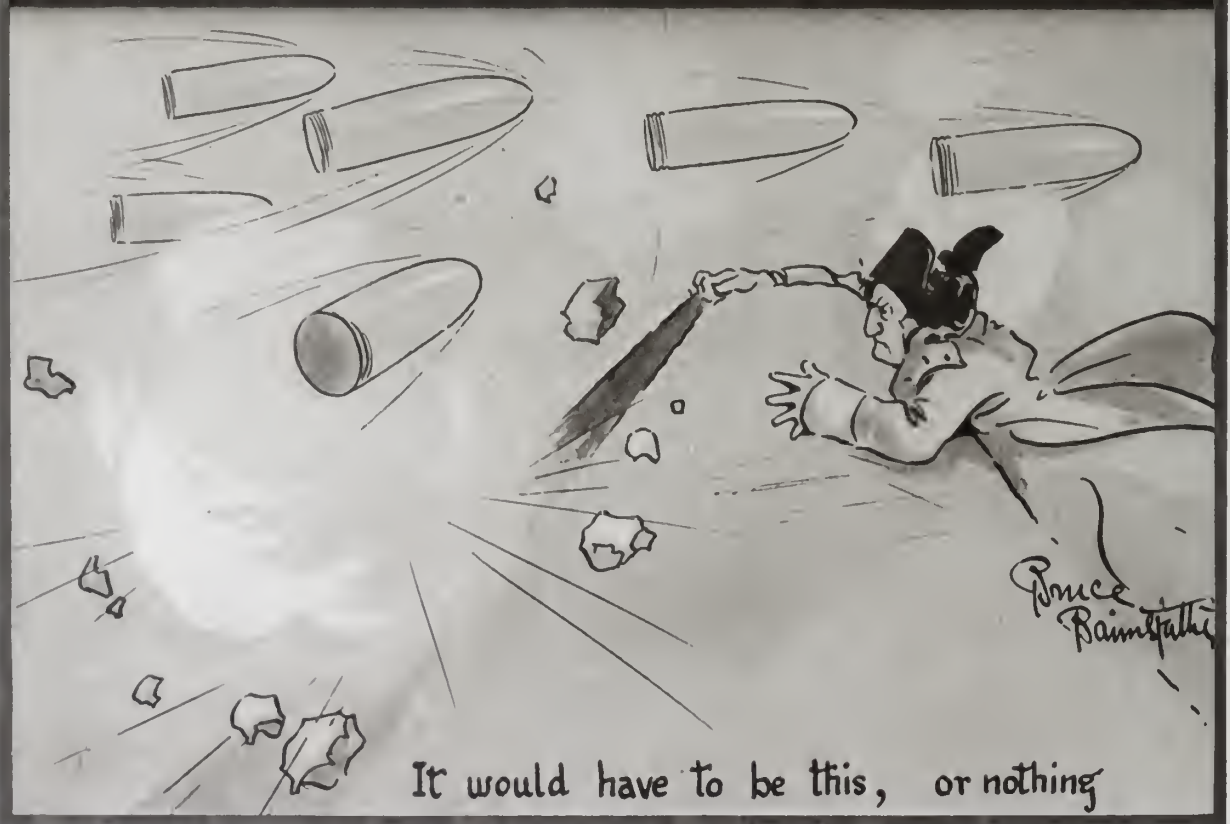
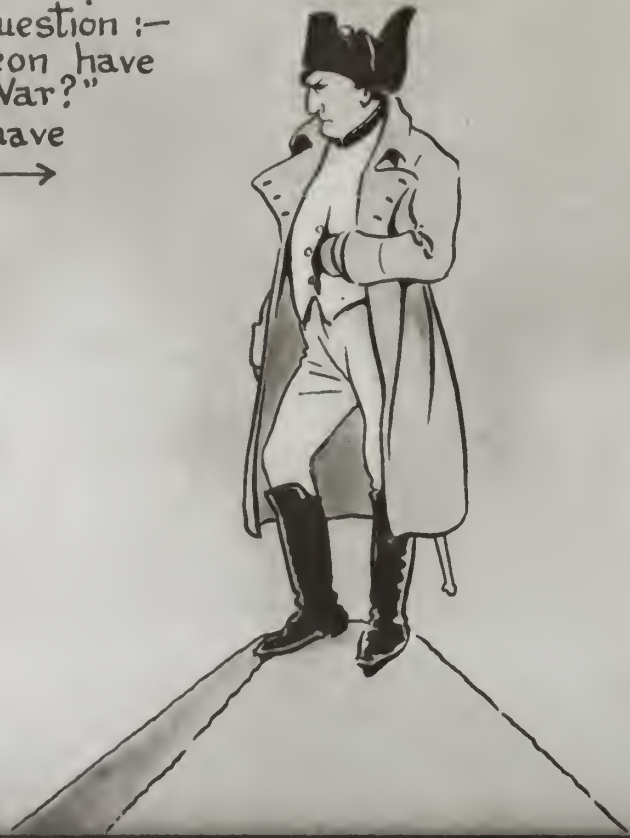
Unappetising

Moments when the Savoy, the Alhambra, and the Piccadilly Grill seem very far away (the offensive starts in half an hour)



That "Leave" Train

One often hears the question :-
"what could Napoleon have
done in the Great War?"
He could certainly not have
gone in for this »————>



It would have to be this, or nothing

Other Times—Other Manners



The Tourists, 19...?

"Remember this place, Bert?"

"Yes, it's where we used to chuck the fish to you, ain't it, Bill?"



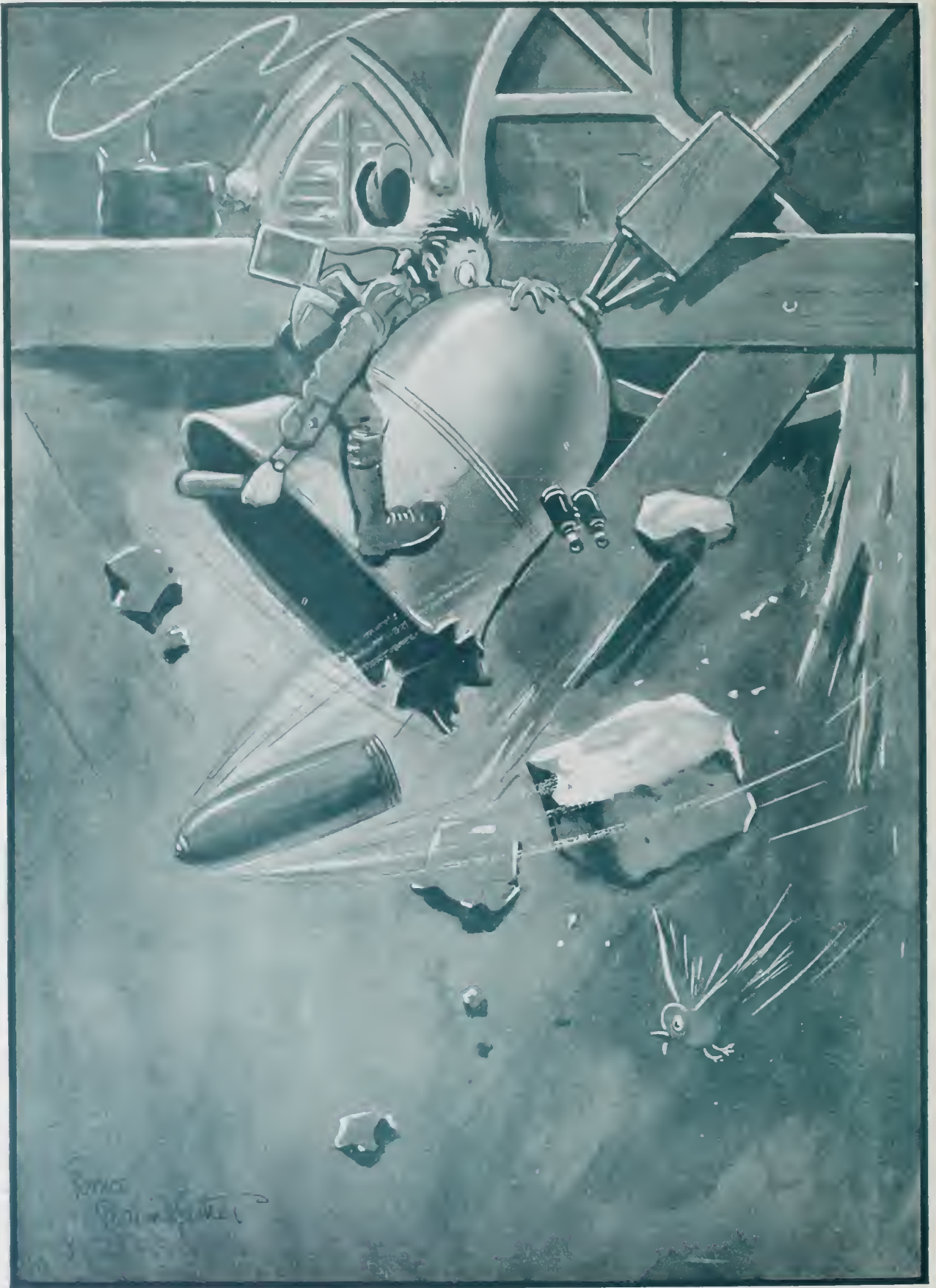
Alas! My poor Brother!

(In this cartoon Captain Bairnsfather refers to the report that the corpses of German soldiers fallen in battle were utilised in a Corpse-Conversion Factory for the purpose of providing fats for the Fatherland)



Can - Tank - erous

“ ‘Ere ! Where the ‘ell are ye comin’ with that Turkish bath o’ yours ? ”



Curfew

What particularly annoys Lieutenant Jones, R.F.A. (who thought he could get a better view from the belfry), is that irritating prediction which keeps passing through his head, "The curfew shall not ring to-night"



On the "Leave" Train

You will never quite realise how closely we are bound to our French Ally until you have had the good fortune to travel on one of those "leave" trains —six a side, windows shut, fifty miles to go, and eighteen hours to do it!



The Ghost of Dead Pig Farm—19 . . . ?

At midnight, an indignant, husky voice is heard to say: "B——— these blinkin' sandbags'



George versus Germany

Should Mr. Robey be at any time called upon to go to the Front, he must be careful how he does this: "I'm surprised at you, Ludendorff!"



A Puzzle for Paderewski

"It's a pity Alf ain't 'ere, Bert : 'e can play the piana wonderful"



“Substitutes” in the Field

“I thought you said your uncle was a sending you an umbrella”



*Bruce
Rainsfather*

Leave

Dep. : Paddington 2.15. Arr. Home 4

Merely a Warning

To those who may be contemplating picking up a Government car cheaply after the war. Insist on seeing photograph. Don't be satisfied by just reading the advertisements.



Bruce Ramsfather

ROLLS-DAIMLER, 1917.—Four-seated Coupé body (très coupé). Hardly been used, beautifully finished (almost completely). One dickey seat (*very dickey*), detachable rims (two already detached). Only driven 10 miles (Albert to Gommecourt). Excellent shock absorber (has absorbed any amount). In exceptional condition. £650 (or good bath chair). **BARGAIN.**—Captain Somepush, No. 2, Red Cross, Rouen.



You dirty dog

Bruce Ramsfather

A Splendid workaday Pen Second only to the "Swan"



With Pocket
Clip, 5/6

*Recommended for Soldiers,
Sailors, Students and Clerks.*

Because the price of the now famous "Blackbird" Fountain Pen is 5/- only, some regard it as a boy's or youth's pen—one that may be ill-used without much loss. This is true, and yet it is also a pen for hard work—strong, lasting and serviceable. It is issued to meet a want, and to cultivate the fountain pen habit. Every user of a "Blackbird" will some day own a "Swan," which is the highest standard of fountain pen quality—the pen by which all others are judged.

THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

MADE BY THE "SWAN" PEN PEOPLE.

The "Blackbird" at Ansac and Francis.

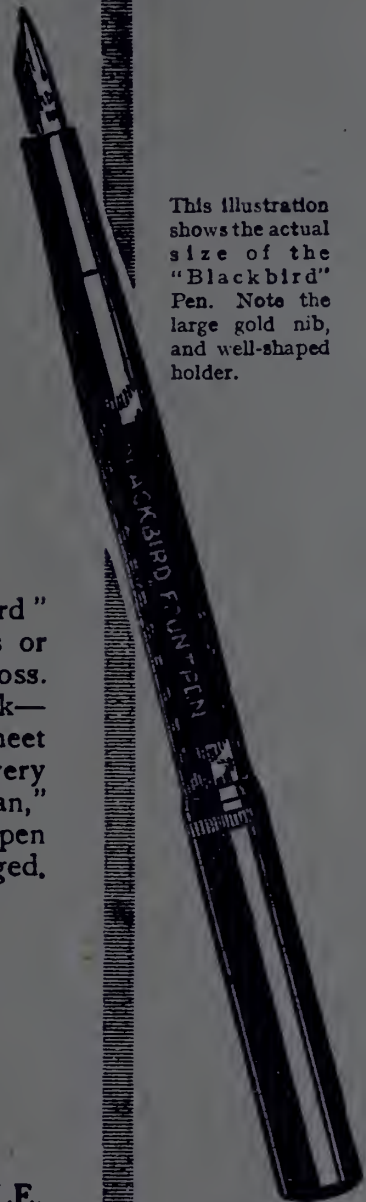
A Corporal writes (August, 1916)—: "While on leave in Cairo, I decided to buy a pen, so walked into a stationers' shop. They recommended a 'Blackbird.' I discovered it was a Mable Todd, so bought one. That was over twelve months ago, and it has never given me the slightest trouble. It writes as it did when purchased."

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Or by post from the Makers.
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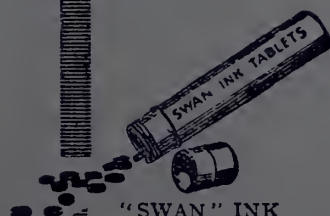
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This illustration shows the actual size of the "Blackbird" Pen. Note the large gold nib, and well-shaped holder.

Stocked with the following nibs:
Fine, Medium,
Medium Broad,
Broad, Oblique,
Turned-Up.



"SWAN" INK
TABLETS.

One to a penful
of water. 40 in
Nickel Tube, 6d.
Larger Tube, 1/-



ANOTHER AFFAIR OF THE 'TANKS'

BUT THIS TIME WITH THE AID OF

**WRIGHT'S COAL
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the
**SOLDIERS'
SOAP.**

*Include a supply
in the next
parcel to your
Soldier friend.*

Box of
3 Tablets **1/-**

PART FIVE

FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

By Bruce Bairnsfather

Fragments from France
(Four Parts in One Volume)

Bullets and Billets

**A Few Fragments from
His Life**

FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

Part V



Bruce
Baumfather

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Part V

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

London: THE BYSTANDER

1918

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The Press Publishing Co.

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INTRODUCTION



WAR carries with it an over-measure of sadness and misery of all kinds. It is, of course, not only the men on the fighting line who suffer from hardship and from wounds and who are ready to meet the final sacrifice of life itself, but the circles of their home folks, the mothers, the sisters, the wives, the loved ones who, if all went right, would become wives, whose anxieties for those on the fighting lines become themselves tragedies.

Any man who, without sacrifice of truth or concealment of perils and troubles which are too real to be made light of, can do something to give to the boys at the front and to the home folks in the rear some diversion from the sadness and the strain, who can make clear that, even in the midst of trouble and on the edge of tragedy, man is in his nature capable of finding in his surroundings and in life itself the sense of humour which serves to lighten the cloud or sadness—such a man is a benefactor in the largest sense of the term.

Captain Bairnsfather has had long practical experience in the fighting line. He has been in the service from the beginning of the War, and for a large part of that time has been actively engaged at the front. The early breaks in his service in the field and in the trenches were caused by the necessity of retiring to hospital for the healing of honourable wounds.

Bairnsfather is evidently a man of such elasticity of temperament that no amount of fatigue, or hardship, or peril, or pain can quench the ebullition of his spirit. With a charming vitality, an exuberant sense of humour, he possesses, fortunately for himself, for his comrades and for the world, the

imagination of the creative artist. He is gifted also with a dramatic sense and a technical skill that give to his sketches of camp life, of happenings in the trenches, and of the relations of the men with one another, a very real vitality.

Bairnsfather's characters live, and they have come to constitute a most valuable addition to the lives of the artist's comrades.

The young Scotsman began his drawings merely for the amusement of his comrades in the shacks or in the trenches. The first sketches were made on the rough boards of a more-or-less ruined hut, or on the rocks which were dislodged in the digging of the trenches. These sketches were later transcribed for the amusement of the home folks to whom the artist was writing, and were passed from hand to hand in the home circles. One of his pictures Bairnsfather sent to the Editor of "The Bystander," who realized that here was value not only as a work of art, but as a means of inspiration for loyal service and for the cheerful endurance of hardship. These drawings have now become a cheering influence with English-speaking people throughout the world, for all groups of the English race now have their boys and their hearts engaged in this great struggle. The sketches have also been reproduced in connection with French text and with Italian text. Our Allies are surely entitled to secure their share of the fun and the encouragement.

I doubt whether any previous war has produced an artist whose work possesses precisely the Bairnsfather quality. The artist has placed the civilized world in his debt.

In the days of the first Napoleon the great caricaturist, Gilray, produced with the cordial approval of his fellow countrymen portraits of "Boney" under various conditions of success and of failure. "Boney" was, between the years 1805 and 1809, the "Bogey," the terror not only of British

children, but of the grown folks. Gilray's presentation of Napoleon while characterized by humour, was fiercely bitter, and the general effect alternated between apprehension and contempt. Although different entirely from the work of Gilray, the cartoons of Bruce Bairnsfather have been by eminent soldiers and critics compared with those of the great caricaturist of Napoleonic times. It would be more to the point to compare Gilray with Raemaekers.

Bairnsfather does not deny the brutality of the German, but he does not concern himself with it to any great extent. His task is mainly to show that even on the battle line, life has its humour and trouble has its offsets. He is doing his part in keeping the spirit of the fighting men safe and in good tone for their task.

The original series of Bairnsfather's drawings, together with the later group of designs which will bring the record down to the participation of America in the War, are now made available for American readers. The Bairnsfather creations must find their way to our boys in the trenches, and they should help also to bring cheer to the home-circles which are giving their boys to the Cause, the world's fight against Barbarism.

New York, April 2, 1918.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.





*Bruce
Chattin*

“All shell-holes are the same to me when I’m with you, darling.”



“Their Christmas don’t seem to fall on the same day as ours, does it Bert?”



“S’pose we’ll ’ave to stop behind and tidy all this up when it’s over, Bert.”

Second-Lieut. Mabel Smells Powder

(No novelty)



"There you are Bert; I told you we'd 'ave 'em
'ere before we'd finished."



“Bit of all right, bein’ one of these ’ere dukes, Bert,
and ’ave a bed like this to sleep in.”



“Quoth the Raven . . .”



"Now then, you two, there's nothing more till 4:30"
(Old Bill is not going to the Zoo again).



“Well, if it don’t get merrier than this by Christmas
it won’t be up to much.”



“ 'E 'as to pick up odd bits of paper and match-ends down the camp, sir; but 'e don't seem to 'ave 'is 'eart in 'is work, sir!”

Old Bill's War-Aim



"It's time to see a day like this!"



“If you’ll just ’old that blinkin’ ladder tight a bit longer, mate,
I’ll ’ave the big ’un for you!”



“What an 'ell of a mess you've



made of the name of William!"

Duty Before Pleasure



“Well, if yer thinks yer ought to, I’ll lend yer
this bit o’ mistletoe o’ mine.”



“Look 'ere if I gets blown up in any more o' yer dreams,
there's going to be trouble.”



“As soon as that fortified incubator on the left of that road is taken, Lille is ours!”



"Stow that blinkin' row can't yer? You'll bring on an offensive with that hiccupin' o' yours."



“As far as I can make out from the paper, Bert, breweries seem to 'ave been 'ard 'it by this blinkin' war!”



"One shell-less day a week wouldn't be a bad idea would it, Bert?"

"Old Bill" at Madame Cheerio's



"You are shortly going on a journey across a field; an ugly man with a square head will cross your path; you then hear a loud noise, after which you will rise very high in your profession."

(Old Bill, incited by Bert to have his fortune told before returning to the front, didn't like the sound of this forecast at all.)



“You’re comin’ along with me, my lad, as soon as this is over!”
(Herman feels that he does know a better ’ole.)



"I see it's security for the Future we are fightin' for, Alf."
"A little of that on account, wouldn't be a bad idea, Bert."



“What the Hindenburg will happen when I have to stop?”



"Yes, I know the road's rotten, but I'm sure this habit of 2d-Lieut. Smith's of finding his way back to billets with his private repeating Verrey pistol (that his aunt sent him) will lead to trouble."

The Best Noose of the War



"If only but I suppose it's impossible."

Mars — NOT Venus



This enthralling work is the latest production of Mr. Ephraim Pepstein, the famous sculptor. You will be glad to see that going into the Army has not spoilt his touch.



It was unfortunate that Old Bill had been playing the Baron in "Puss in Boots" at the Armentieres Panto, as he hadn't time to change completely before that attack broke out.

19..?



No! this isn't an air-raid bomb bother. Only his grandson, Harold,



Old Bill: "It's our officer."

More "Entanglements"



Bathing at Casse les Bains is going to be rotten again this year.



Pte. 90045 Gerrard, after three quarters of a mile of this, sincerely hopes it won't be a dud.

C. C.



The last man.



By Bruce Bairnsfather

“A War Lord of Laughter”
“The Man Who Made the Empire Laugh”

The Putnams have completed arrangements with the English publishers, to bring out in the United States all of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's work.

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The original four parts are continued in this volume.

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12° 18 Full-page, 23 Text Illustrations. \$1.50

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"'Bill,' 'Bert,' and 'Alf' have turned up again. Captain Bairnsfather has written a book—a rollicking and yet serious book—about himself and them, describing the joys and sorrows of his first six months in the trenches. His writing is like his drawing. It suggests a masculine, reckless, devil-may-care character and a workmanlike soldier. Throughout the book he is as cheerful as a schoolboy in a disagreeable football match."—*London Evening News*.

Bairnsfather—A Few Fragments from His Life

8° 52 Illustrations \$1.25

Because of the amazing and growing popularity of the most successful of all humorous artists, an edition is offered of this book published in England some time ago. The text is by a friend, the pictures by the artist himself, and critical chapters by the Editor of *The Bystander*.

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PART SIX

FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE



Both in the same 'ole now.

By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

By Bruce Bairnsfather

Fragments from France
(Parts I-IV in One Volume)

Part V (Paper Cover)

Bullets and Billets

**A Few Fragments from
His Life**

FRAGMENTS
FROM FRANCE

Part VI



CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Part VI

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

London: THE BYSTANDER

1918

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INTRODUCTION



THE publication of the dramatic and humorous sketches through which Bairnsfather presented what might be called living pictures of the experiences of the Scotch and British boys at the front, brought the artist very promptly into relations with all the peoples whose armies were fighting in France to save France and Europe, and, as we at last understand, to save America also from the domination of Prussianized Germany, from the control of the barbarous Hun.

The first four numbers of Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" secured for the artist a world-wide reputation; but it was only with the publication of an American edition of the fifth part of the series, that the clever Scotchman secured a formal introduction to his American public.

Since the issue of the first number of the "Fragments from France", a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges and the blood of hundreds of thousands of good men has soaked into the battlefield. History is in the making, and the shaping of events today must determine the control of Europe and America and the development of civilization itself for generations to come.

The earlier designs of the Scotch artist were, naturally enough, devoted to the idiosyncrasies of his fellow Scotchmen and the daily happenings in the lines of the British armies.

It was some months after the war work of the artist had begun that England and France had the satisfaction of receiving Italy as an ally. It was (sadly enough for the honour and the good sense of America) more than two years after England and France had taken up the work of defending Europe and civilization, before America recognized that she too had a duty in the struggle, a duty to which she was called not only on the grounds of her obligations as a member of the family of nations, but for

the preservation of her own policies, territory and liberties. It was the coming of America into the war and the coming with America of a great number of the smaller states,—the group of allies now comprising in all no less than 23 members,—that emphasized the nature of the issue that was being fought out. On the one hand, we have the Prussianized Germany and its dependencies,—it is hardly accurate to call them allies,—Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, fighting in support of so-called “divine right”, fighting to maintain the contention of the Prussians that they are the supermen selected by “divine power” to dominate Europe and the world. Against these confederates, we have the twenty-three allies, led by martyred Belgium, devastated France, plucky, persistent and dogged England, fighting not only to maintain their own independent existence, but for the liberties of the smaller states, such as Belgium and Serbia. The Allies are fighting also in order that communities so placed as not to possess an independent nationality, communities like, for instance, Armenia and Albania, may secure and may preserve the right that Americans hold to be elementary, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

America has at last thrown her lot in with the Allies and has accepted the leadership of France and England. It is the fortune of America that her armies and her resources are to prove the decisive factor in the war. The world will, with the defeat of the Central Powers and the success of the allied cause, owe much to America, and the brilliant work already done on the battlefield by the American fighting boys entitles them to be recorded in literature and in art for the inspiration of the generations to come, generations to which they have rendered service.

Bairnsfather has taken the opportunity in this sixth part of his “Fragments from France” to commemorate the work done by the Italian and the American allies of Britain. He has brought into relations with his own “Old Bill,” the Italian and American equivalents of Bill, and he has shown himself able to understand and to present the humour that is peculiar to national groups. His sketches of the feats on the Italian mountains are wonderfully impressive and have a character that reminds one of

Münchhausen. The deeds of the Bersagliere in its Alpine fighting are so brilliant that it is difficult to exaggerate them. "Old Bill," giving to his juniors the important reminiscences of Italian history, such as the "bringing up of Romeo and Juliet by a she wolf," shows how the study of history under the intense atmosphere of the trenches can be made both fascinating and informing.

The placing of "Old Bill" and the typical Yankee in the same 'ole is, of course, typical of the new relationship and the new comradeship.

Bairnsfather has touched upon difficulties of some of the greener Yankee boys who, in the absorbing fight for democracy, have occasionally forgotten to salute their officers.

Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, Americans, are now all united in comradeship and in their devotion to the great cause. It is the coming in of America, with practically all the states of the world whose territory is not actually under the guns of Germany, which has made evident the indignation of civilized peoples with the aims of Germany and with the methods under which Germany is conducting war.

The war is to be brought to such a thorough conclusion that no future similar wars will be possible. The civilized states, which means all the states outside of Germany and Germany's allies, are united in the one purpose and in this month of September, 1918, we may feel assured that this purpose is to be accomplished.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

New York, September, 1918.

Napoleon said:

“Every soldier carries a Field
Marshal’s baton in his knapsack.”
(He also carries a few other things.)



Bruce
Barnes & Co.



“Old soldiers never say die, they’ll simply block the way.”

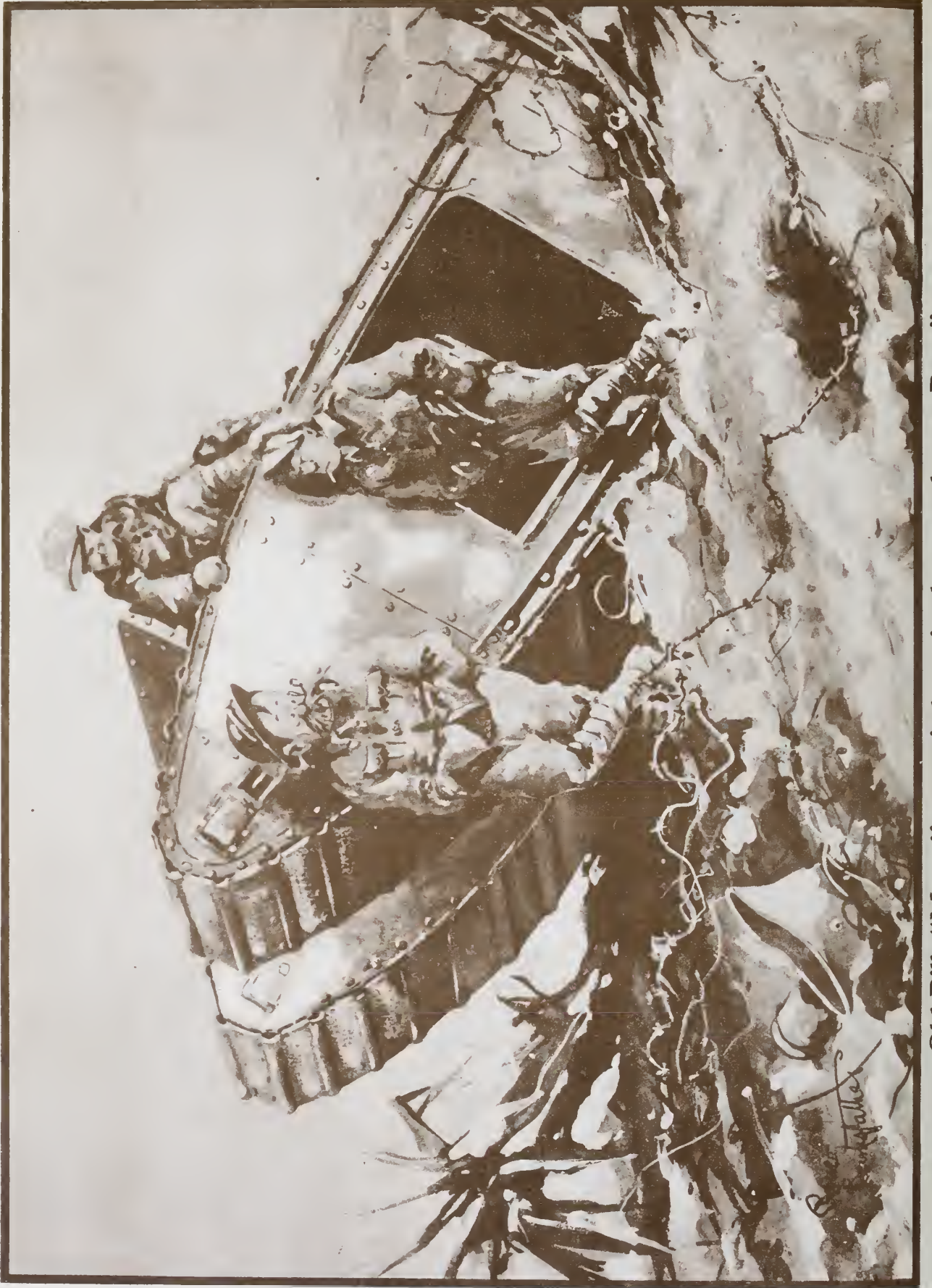


"I wonder what they'll do with Old Bill when the war's over, Bert?"
"I dunno, 'ave 'im filled with concrete and sunk somewhere, I expect."



"It strikes me, Bert, that if they combed this mud out they might get a few more men."

His Fatal Beauty



Old Bill: "My wife married me for love, ye know, Bert."



Old Bill has managed to snatch a few minutes at Casse-les-Bains after all.

“Ere! you! Alles vous ong! The blinkin’ sea’s quite rough enough without you muckin’ it about.”



"The Chauffeur says a car fell over here last week." "Oh!"



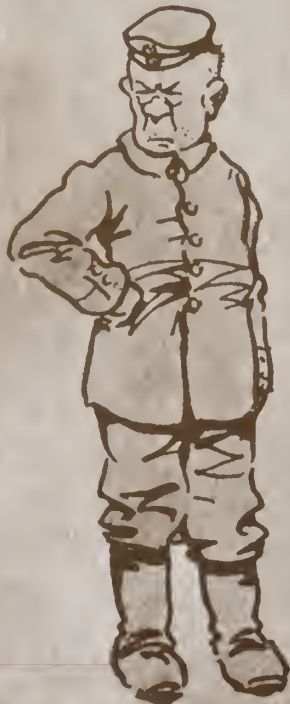
“Unless you like riding don’t go to see the Alpini—the mule’s ears tickle so!”

Circumstances Alter Cases

If, in an outburst of patriotic vigour, you rose, and plugged this man, in your favourite restaurant, you would undoubtedly get the military very cross.

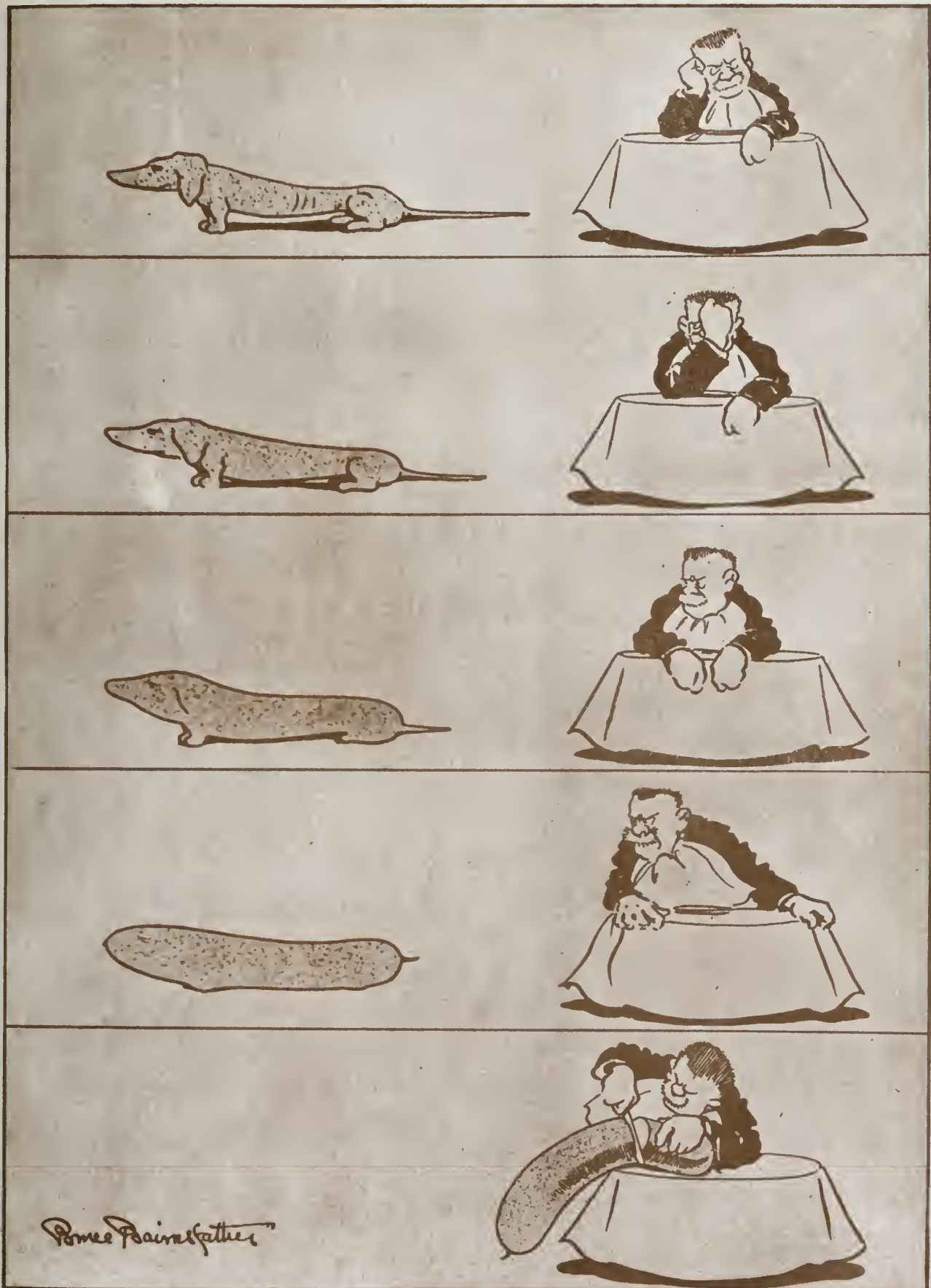


But if on the other hand, you chanced upon the same growth in no-mans-land, and you find him a bit slow with his Kamerad, you can do what you like, with a reasonable chance of getting the Military Cross



*Ponce
Painfather*

The value of locality in warfare



Temptation

One of those Balkan Muddles



His father was a Czech, but his mother was a Serb. He used to live in Bohemia but his sympathies are all Italian. Fought for the Austrians in Galicia owing to his love of Croats and Magyars. Suspected of being a Slovak or a Ruthenian, he was sent to the Italian front, where he slipped on a banana skin in Goritzia and was captured.



“This 'ere country's too ——— corrugated for me, Bert.”



Old Bill wishes now that he had never gone



to that Café on the Boulevard des Italiennes



The war was over some time ago, but this man hasn't heard about it yet, and nobody can get up to tell him. His sniping is therefore very annoying to that Austrian village in the valley.



"There are the Austrians!" "I see."

A Visit to the Alpini



Of course, when one has got a howitzer up into a position like this, there is not much chance of the enemy staying in the trench marked X-X.



Herr Pickelhauber (Professor of frightfulness at Prague) now on the Italian front, is greatly bothered by the constant recurrence of this dream.



“Don’t you get pullin’ yer cigarette card stuff on me. What the ’ell do you know about ’istory? F’r instance, I bet you don’t know that Romeo and Juliet was brought up by a she wolf.”



Both in the Same 'ole Now



"I know we're fighting for democracy, but next time the Colonel comes round salute, you ——— son of a ———!"



William K. Flicker (the ex-movie producer, after surveying the surrounding civilization in silent indignation): "Guess they ought to send this outfit on tour when they've finished here!"

A Small Potato



"What's that hat doin' floatin' round there, sergeant?"
"I think that's Private Murphy sittin' down, sir."

"Wal, I guess, of all the — — billets,
this durn pigstye is about the toughest
proposition we've — —"



"Snakes! and here's the pig!"



*Bruce
Bainfather*

The New Tenants are not Pleased nor is the Real Landlord

He Soon Found It



“Don’t know the way? Wal, keep right on up this track till you come to a war. Then fight!”



He has left a good business in Boston, he has come 3,000 miles, and—
he has had six months of this!

The Raiders



"Say, can't you get a canvas cover for that gold tooth of yours?"



“Ye know Joan of Arc had her visions somewhere around here, Bill.”
Bill: “I’m not surprised.”



Private Murphy has only recently realized the wealth of meaning



"Come on, here's a carriage!"

A Ticklerish Question



"Funny 'ow we don't seem to get no more plum and apple these days."
"They're usin' it for munitions I expect."



The Monks of Grand Mariner are sworn to perpetual silence, so when their boiled cod was accelerated by a 5.9 the other day, they had a very trying five minutes.



One of those days when you wonder what's going on
in Boston, Mass.



There is undoubtedly some enemy war news you can believe.
Austrian official: "We firmly held all the ground we took yesterday."

Bruce
Painefather

By Bruce Bairnsfather

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"The Man Who Made the Empire Laugh"

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The BYSTANDER'S

FRAGMENTS

from **FRANCE**

By

Capt. Bruce
Bairnsfather

Number
SEVEN

HOW OLD BILL ESCAPED BEING SHOT IN AUGUST 1914





Back from War to Industry

WHETHER you work with the pen or use it only for making notes and writing letters, the "Swan" with its wonderful smooth touch will give you a pleasure never felt before. Your work, your pen will be better—there will be more of your personality in it. All the little delays and irritations caused by steel pens disappear. You will appreciate your "Swan" from the very first days, and years of service will only strengthen your attachment to it.

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the windows and insist on a "Swan,"
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FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER



Vol. VII

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

1919.

Foreword

AND still they come!

In the mind's eye one can see many an admirer of The Fragments, as he picks up and glances for the first time at this book, saying to himself, "Well, well!! Number Seven, is it? And how in the world is it done?" How, indeed! But that it is *done*, and as brilliantly as ever, the following pages prove. "How," is Captain Bairnsfather's affair. If he knows, it is his secret. But it is very doubtful if he does. Genius seldom explains itself to its happy possessor. It is an entity, as your philosopher-man would call it. It exists. And that's all there is to it.

As General Sir Ian Hamilton said at the Queen's Hall a month or so ago, when introducing Captain Bairnsfather as a lecturer, "The creator of Old Bill has rendered great service to his country, both as a soldier and as one who has done much to lighten the darkest hour." Bairnsfather did that, but he has kept on doing it. And he is doing it still. All through 1915, '16, '17, '18, and now in 1919, he has done it, and though the clouds of war have lifted, we still need his cheery optimism. But it is a wonderful record, and one which was none better appreciated than by the late Sir Mark Sykes, who wrote to Captain Bairnsfather, in the trying days of 1916, "You are a real factor in the situation."

Number Seven is a record of a period in the history of the Great War not yet accurately definable. It is a link between those glorious achievements on the Western Front that culminated at 5 a.m. on November 11, 1918, and the events which so swiftly followed that historic date. It marks the interregnum between the reigns of War and Peace—War has abdicated—with the Kaiser, but Peace has yet to undergo her Coronation Ceremony.

And so in this book Old Bill and Alf and Bert are still fighting and enduring and jesting in the midst of it all as those dear fellows ever did, right up to the end, until—"Ullo!" says Bill, and finds himself seated on the Kaiser's throne amid the wreckage of that wretched Monarch's Court. Towards the end of the volume 1919 has come and the three heroes begin to get themselves a trifle demobilised. Perhaps, later on, we may have the full story of their "demobbing." I shouldn't be surprised. As I overheard a man say in the Tube the other day, "Wonderful feller, that chap Bairnsfather!" A. B. H.



No "Light" Call

"Bert, 'ere's the man about the gas"



The village has now been relieved by a heaven
directed German push — and all is Joy



Sad but True

"C'est la Guerre"



Yet Another 'Ole

"Now then, Bert; none o' yer Lady Godiva squintin' through the key-'ole"



An In-fringe-ment

"Look 'ere. Bert, if you wants to remain in this 'ere trench be'ave yerself"



The Outs and the Ins



Some Snag

Of course, this is where your machine-gun sticks



The Dough-Boy in Danger

"Say, you'd better beat it back here; you're standing too close to the war!"



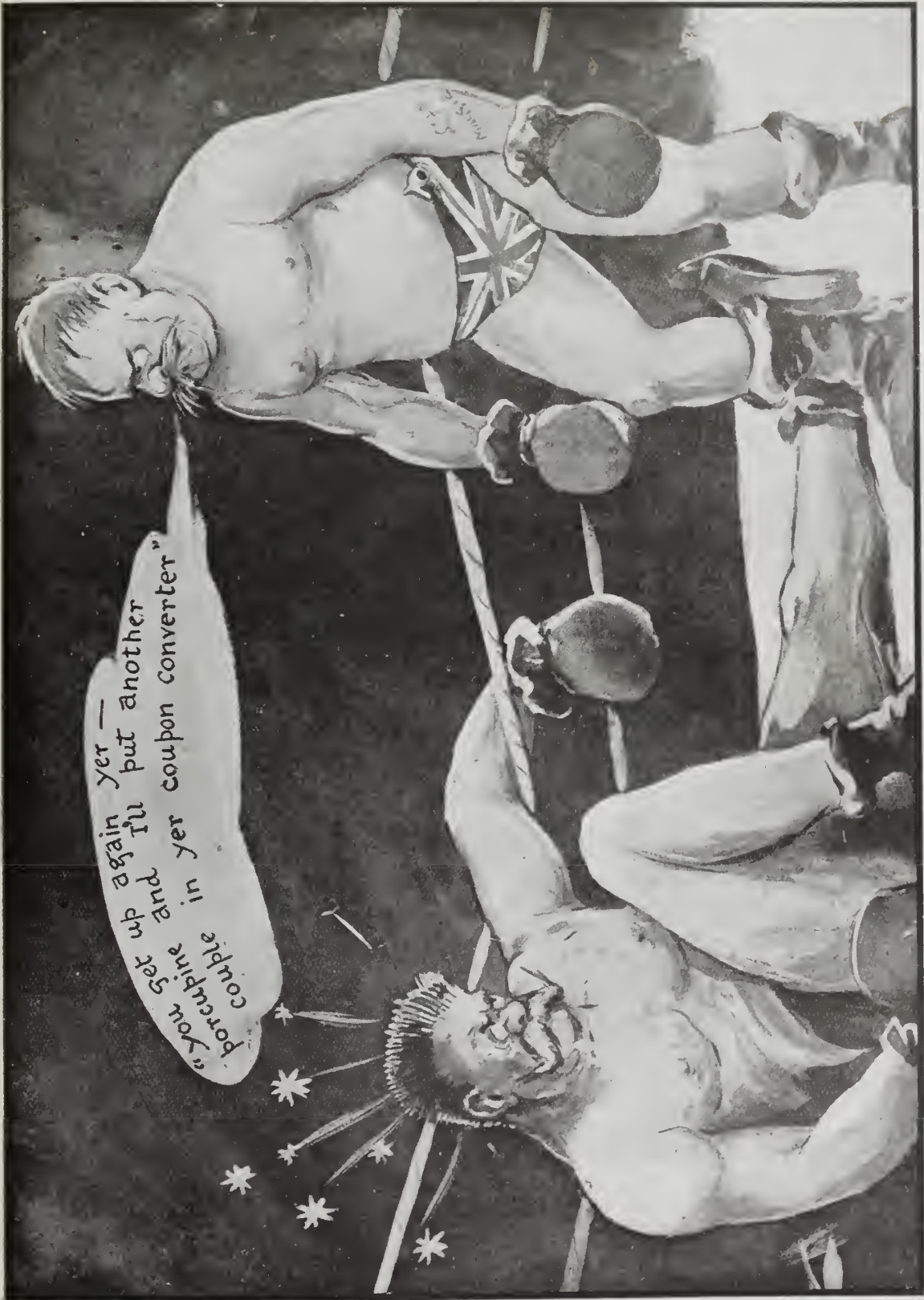
The Leg-end

"If that statue could only speak, it could tell some stories, Steve"



Chat at the Château

"No, one never could be quite certain of one's life in those days"



The Knock Out!

Why not add a touch of sport to the last lap of the war by arranging a contest at the Hague between Old Bill and Hindenburg? The end will be the same anyway



Moments that Make You Wonder Whether the Colonel Likes You

"You know that clump of trees, over there, where so many of our men have been sniped from lately?" "Yes, sir!" "Well, I want you to go out to-night and see if they have got a machine gun there"



The Long and the Short of It

Introductory remark to new arrival after ten minutes' offensive scrutiny: "There must be an 'ell of a view from the top of that 'ead of yours"



Safety First!

When crossing No-Man's Land always face the approaching traffic. Follow the dotted line



No Joke!

The Censor has been most kind to me throughout the war. I have made the above drawing simply out of gratitude. I have also omitted the joke, thus ensuring complete approval



"Protection on the March"

Old Bill had thought of a splendid idea for the next advance, and, frankly, was rather hurt when a Staff Officer condemned it



Sure Thing

"There's another two million men just arrived from the base sir"
"Well, give them tea, sergeant"



"A Sentimental Journey"

I love motoring, but when Silas K. Huckleberry (the accredited war correspondent of the *El Paso Pursuit*) takes me out after a "sob stuff" story, I simply hate it



Who'd Have Thought It?

"Struth, Bert! Good job we saw that notice!"



What's Bred in the Bone Comes Out in the Bomb

General Sir Francis Drake (a lineal descendant of the great Francis) insists on finishing his game of "bowl bomb" whilst news is brought of an impending attack



The Optimist

"Yer know Bill, with a floor and a roof, a winder and a door or two, you could make quite a nice little 'ome out of this place" (No answer)



It's the Little Things that Worry
 "It is an ancient campaigner and he stoppeth one of three"



Bully?

"Say, take a slant at this guy; he's got a salient on his western front, alright!"



Nil Admirari

"Now, then, never mind about those demi-mondaines; look straight to your front!"



C'est la Guerre

There were times when I wished Prussian Militarism hadn't forced me to visit America



No Answer

"What's the matter with your 'ead Bill—Pelmanism? or caught it on a barrage?"

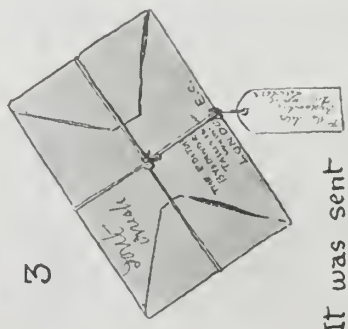


19 . . ?

"Ave ye 'eard any more about them allowin' us to start 'avin' chevrons on the left arm?"



1
One was struck by
a funny situation



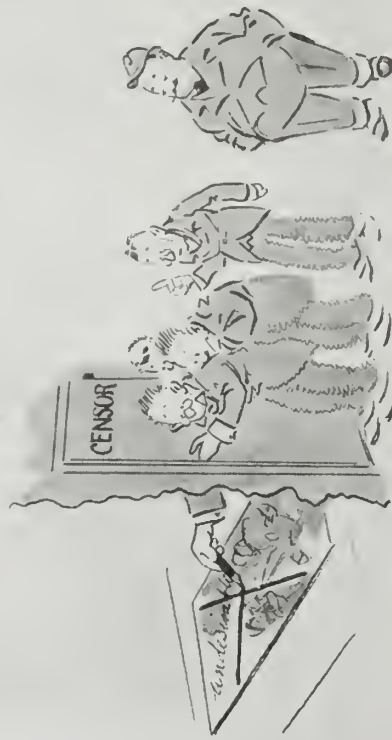
3
It was sent
by post



4
It arrived by post

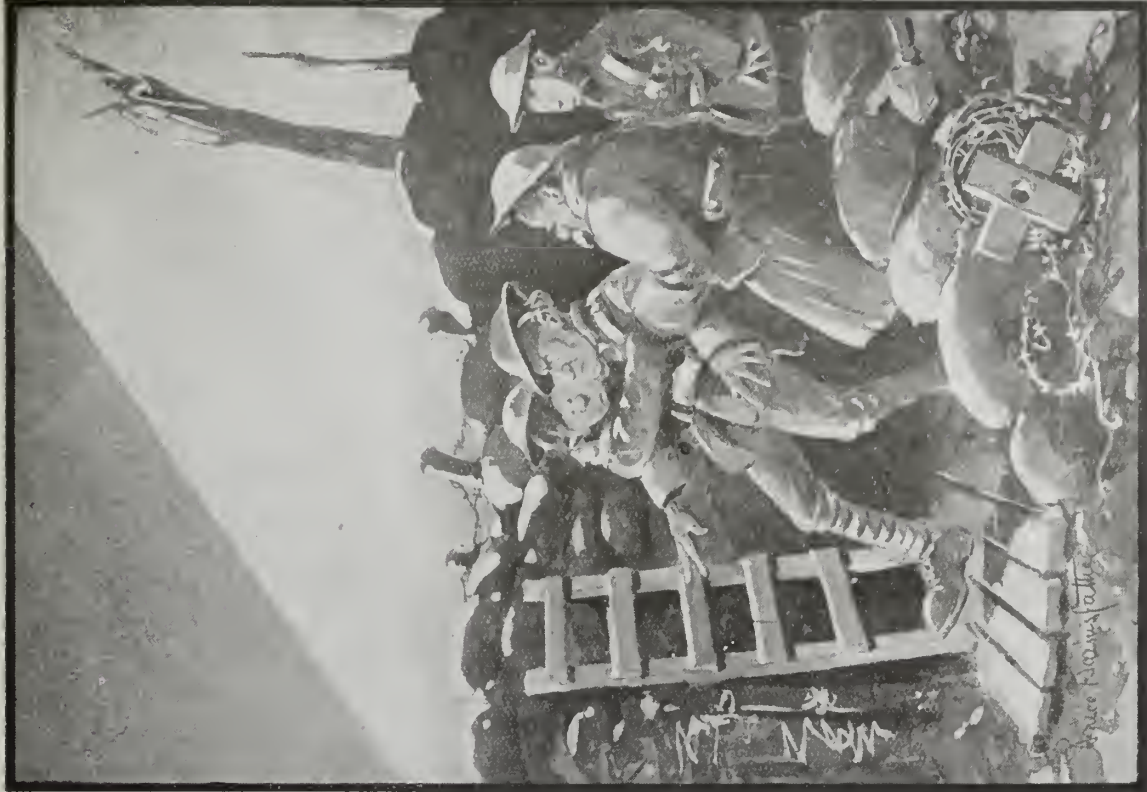


2
That night one drew the picture



5
A Publisher and his staff waited for it, whilst an omnipotent blue pencil hovered over its destiny. Rather than run the risk of spreading revolt and disaster throughout our Mighty Empire, the Censor wisely withheld it.

A Fragment's Fortune



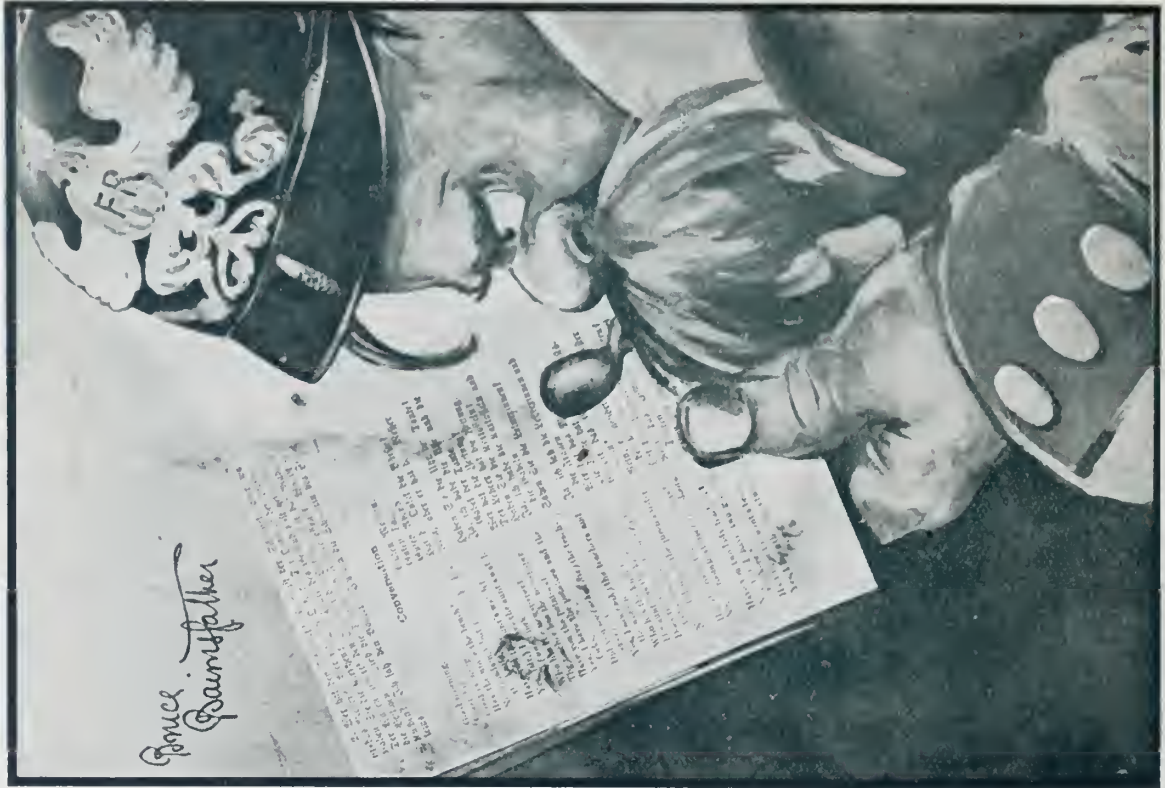
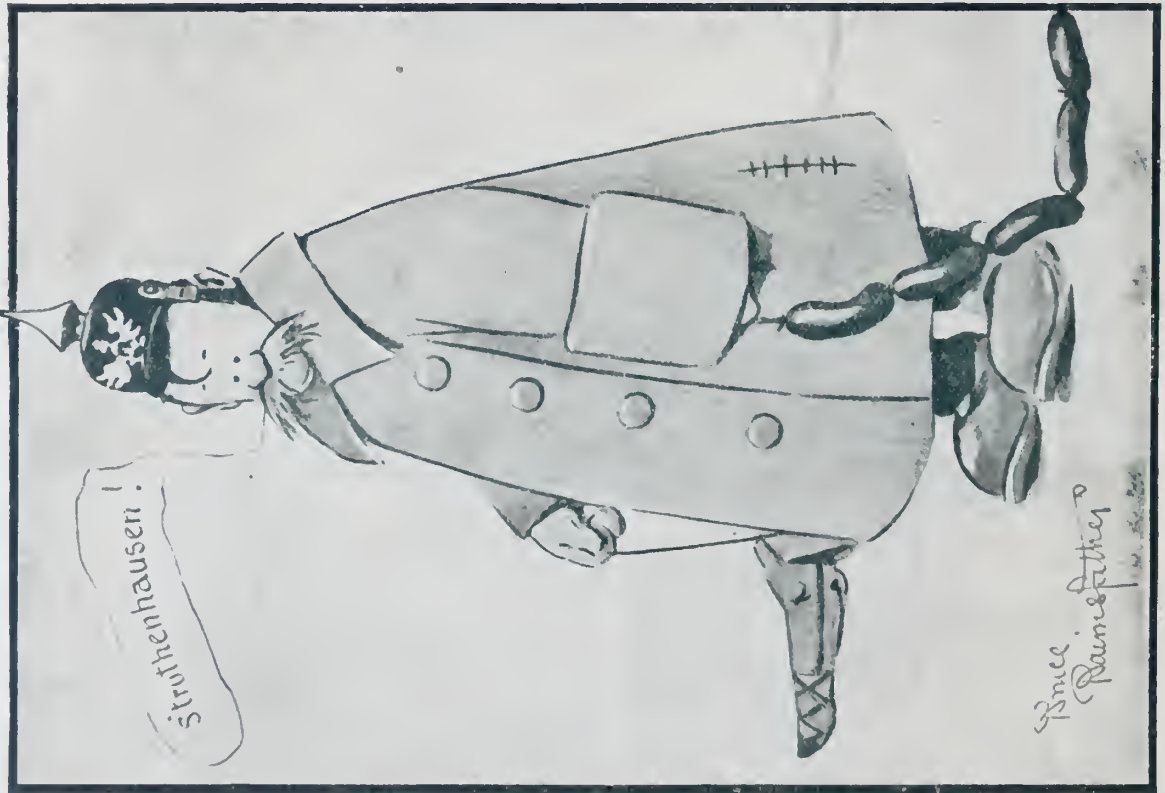
The Wrong Theatre

Whenever that German searchlight is turned on our trench we have a lot of trouble with Private Harold Montgomery (the famous actor, who has played in "His Second Sin" over 1,000 times). He *will* try to take a call, which, of course, would be fatal



Looking for Trouble

The rash habit Private Lovebird has of sharing the same periscope with the opposition across the way is bound to lead to trouble



Autres Temps, Outre Bills

[The French is Old Bills.—Ed.]

"Yer know yer wants to 'ave 'oopin' cough to pronounce this stuff!"



"Once Upon a Time"



William the Conqueror II.

"Where did ye get that, Bill?" "I 'ad it off a King."



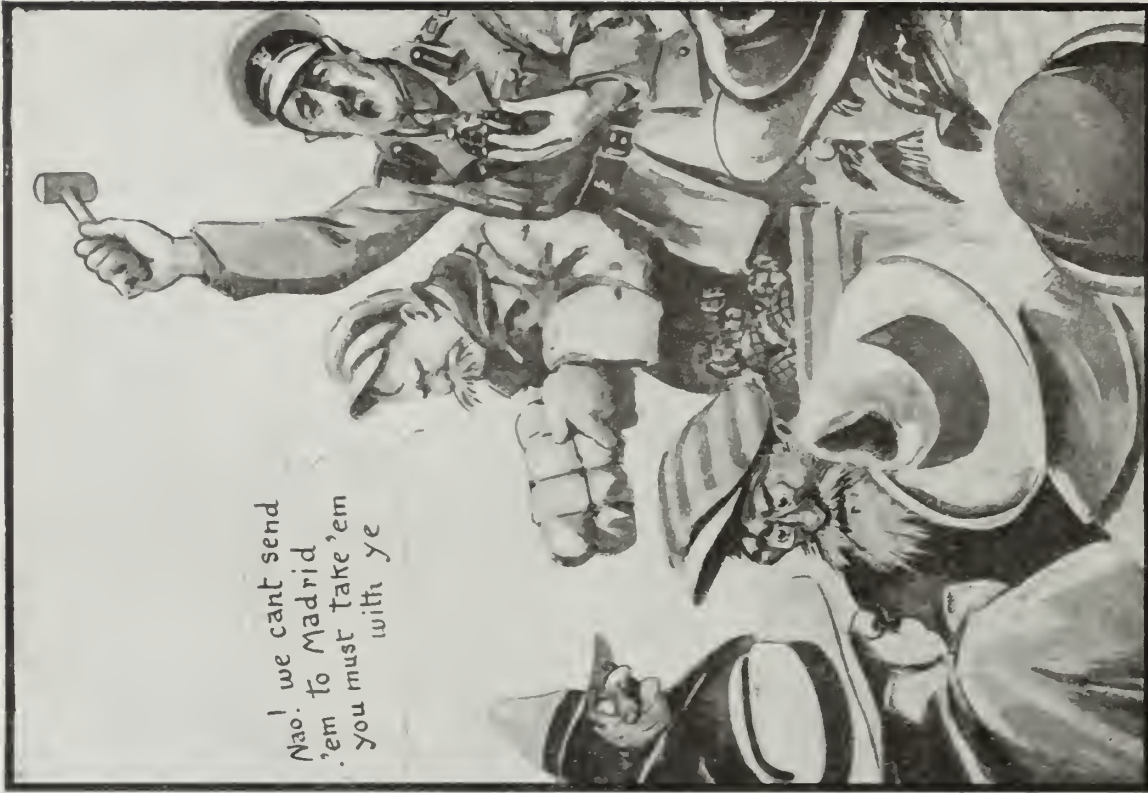
The Wisdom of Bill

"Stick yer 'at pin into Douglas, Maggie. I've known them things to oil before now!"



Old Bill as the Bairns' Father

Old Bill's leave (when he gets it!) develops into a sort of Baby Week nowadays, since Maggie has left home to join the W.A.A.C.'s



Bargains in Bombs
 Anarchists at a sale on the Western Front. Several good hand-grenades, suitable for elections, were also sold



Putting the Screw On
 The above exclusive photograph (received via Amsterdam and Singapore) shows clearly the consternation in German official circles on receipt of the amended armistice terms for February, in which 1,000 egg-spoons, 50 cruetts, and 6 sausage-separators are demanded. These harsh terms are, of course, intolerable



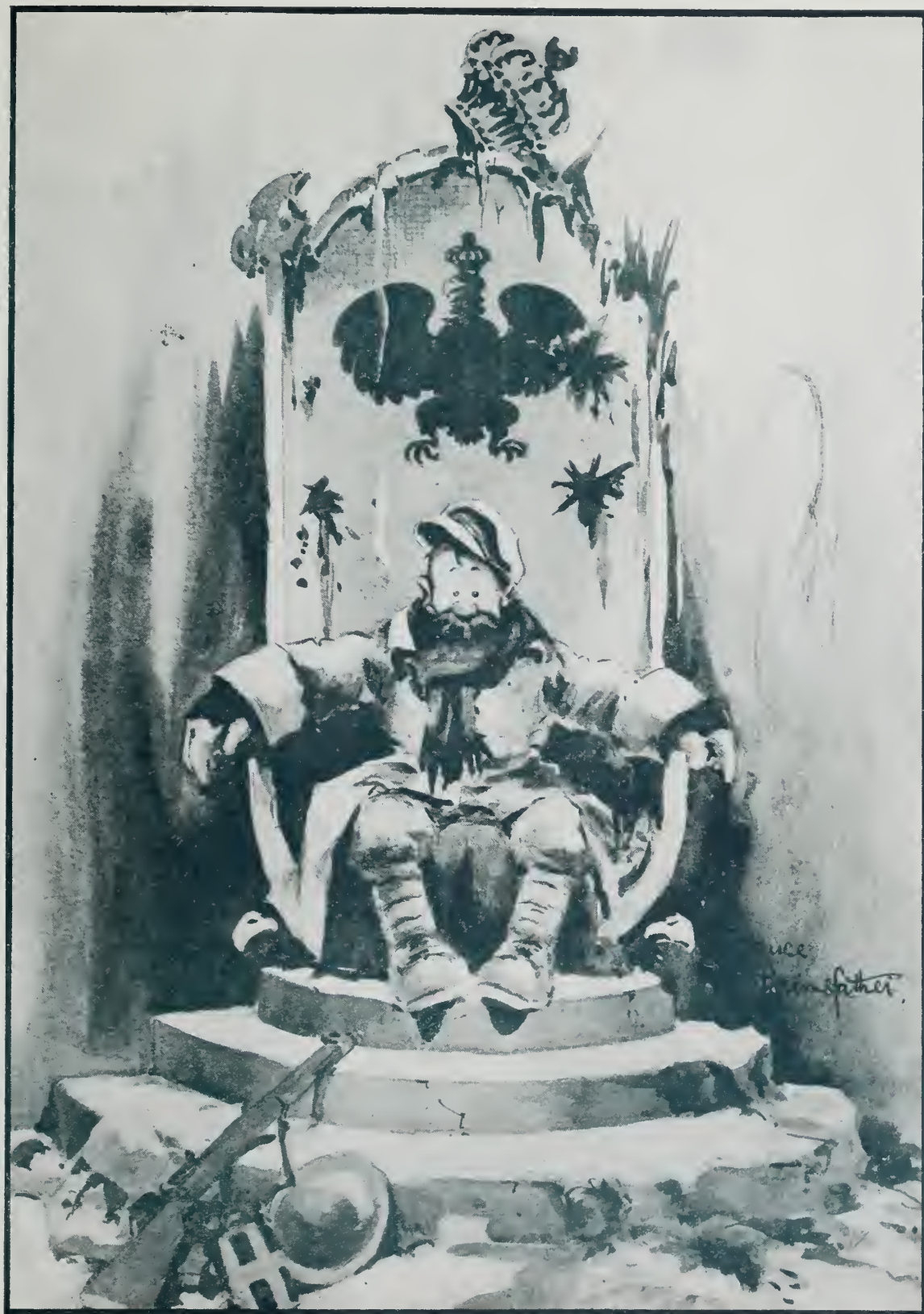
En Route to a Far, Far Better 'Ole

"'Struth!"



Demobilisation

Owing to demobilisation not exactly synchronising with the taking back of the Hotel Terrific by the management. General Sir Claude Cumberstone has to deal with a lot of returns under almost impossible conditions



“Ulló!”

[November 11, 1918]



And No Indemnities?



Second to the "Swan"

THE "BLACKBIRD" is the best moderately-priced pen obtainable. Always writes smoothly. Strong, simple, and always ready for immediate use. No internal mechanism. Takes "Swan" Ink Tablets when fluid ink is unobtainable. Send one to-day to your Soldier or Sailor friend. It will encourage him to send more letters.

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SOLD BY
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THE "BLACKBIRD" FOUNT PEN

*Illustrated
Catalogue
sent free
on request*

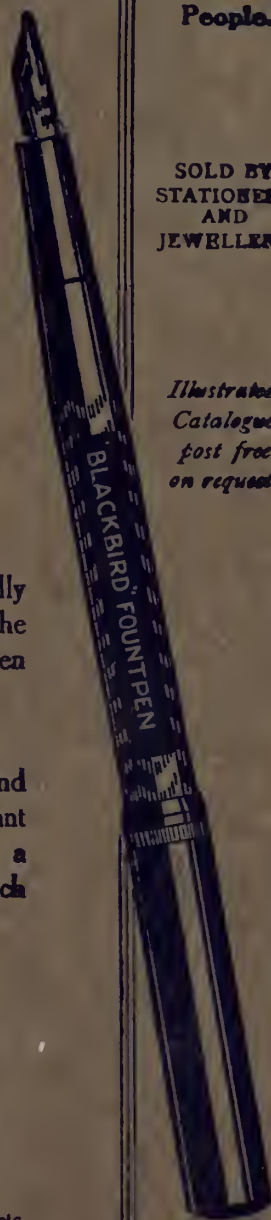
A good pen for family use. It is a boon in the home, especially when so many friends are still away. For this purpose the "Blackbird" is just the pen. It is handy, always ready when you want it, and a pleasure to write with.

The "Blackbird" has a strong gold nib, well-made holder, and carries a large ink supply. It is issued by us to meet a want and cultivate the fountain pen habit. Every user of a "Blackbird" will some day own a "Swan"—the pen by which all others are judged.

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FRAGMENTS
away from **FRANCE**

By

Capt. Bruce
Bairnsfather

Number
EIGHT

Price
75
Cents



This Stone Colossus, recently discovered at Bere-in-Botel (Northern Libya), is believed by some to be the earliest record of Old Bill

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thine eyes."*—JOHNSON.



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with

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FRAGMENTS
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FRANCE

By
CAPTAIN
BRUCE
BAIRNSFATHER


Vol. VIII

PUBLISHED BY
"THE BYSTANDER"
TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4
190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

The Spirit of "Fragments"




Captain Bairnsfather's Visitation
on Christmas Eve



OLD BILL

THROUGH THE AGES

By *Captain Bruce Bairnsfather*



In the Stone Age

The Evolution of Old Bill

HIS LIFE THROUGH THE AGES BY PROF. ELLOVA DODGE, S.O.S.

[To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER]

DEAR SIR—

FEELING that the subject will interest you, I herewith enclose the results of the expensive and exhaustive inquiry into that all-important question, "The Evolution of Old Bill."

As you are aware, for some time past Professor Ellova Dodge, S.O.S., has, with the aid of a large Government grant, untiring zeal, and unbridled *table d'hôte*, been engaged in collecting as much information as possible on the problem of the previous incarnations of Old Bill. His efforts and those of his collaborators have been crowned with success, and herewith, for the first time in history, the entire record of the evolution of Private William Busby through the ages is placed before us. Much, of course, is still obscure, but I am fortunate in being able to supply you with a series of pictures which I trust will indicate the rise of the House of Busby from the dawn of history to the present time. For the rest of the arduous but highly successful search it will be best to reproduce the Professor's own words.

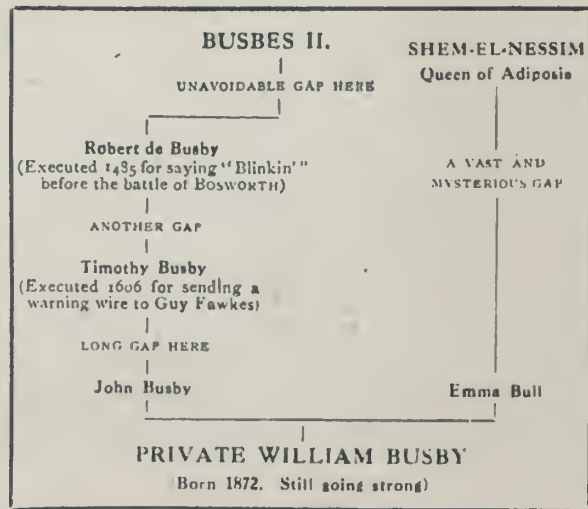


HISTORICUSS.

THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL

I WAS, indeed, fortunate in my discovery of the monolithic stone colossus shown on the cover of this paper. There is nothing to prove conclusively that this is really an early incarnation of Old Bill, except that the face, though clipped, has a certain amount of moustache and indignation about it, and that on the plinth of the seat are carved the words 'Busbes the Second,*

* Busbes II. was the half-brother of Potophat IV., of the 57th Lybian Dynasty, B.C. 3450 Gierrard.



Mighty in Battle, beloved of the twin gods Plumme and Apell.' (It rhymes, you notice.)

* * *

FOLLOWING my bewildering discovery at Bere-in-Botel, I and my colleagues determined to devote ourselves entirely to tracing Old Bill through antiquity. The later records, *i.e.*, from the time of the Roman Emperor Billius Busbarius up to the present

period, fell comparatively easily into our hands. We determined unanimously to probe about in early mythology and Neolithic folk-lore, and I can safely say that after extensive and painful researches our labours have been rewarded.

"As to the name Busby, there can be little doubt that it is derived from the Assyrian word 'Buz' and the Chaldean 'Bee,' meaning obviously to 'buzz like a bee,' or, in other words, to 'grumble.'

"Now we come to the name William, which is slightly more difficult. The great seal of Sennacherib, when compared with the Rosetta stone, clearly indicates that the name 'William' is a corrupt form of the Saxon 'Will-e-um,' or, to be more explicit, of the Byzantine expression 'Will-he-hum,'

which you will readily see, substantiates my theory as to the derivation of the name Busby. We thus arrive at 'Will he hum or buzz like a bee?'

This through countless ages has developed into 'Will he carry corrugated iron, or curse like hell?' A problem which only a company sergeant-major can solve.

WITH this analysis, the accompanying genealogical table, and the following scarce old prints, I leave you to trace for yourselves through the ages the evolution of Old Bill, the Grand Old Man of the trenches.

"Yours truly,

"ELLOVA DODGE, S.O.S."

THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



A Stone Colossus

Which was recently discovered at Bere-in-Botel (Northern Libya), is believed by some to be the earliest available record of Old Bill.



Post-Prandial Augustan

Little is known about the Emperor Billius Busbarius, except that he was addicted to music and charmed his subjects on the lyre.



At the Siege of Acre

Sir William de Busby, known by his friends as William "Lion de la Mer" did as much as anyone during the Crusades to bring the advantages of Christianity home to the Turks. In fact, they quite lost their heads about it.



Bill and Bruce before Bannockburn

It is now almost conclusively proved that the persevering spider which encouraged King Robert Bruce was really a property one, lowered in a friendly spirit by William MacBusby who had bought it in his last English raid in the Strand.

THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



The Banning of Old Bill

In 1360, the monks of Grand Marnier, sworn to perpetual silence, ejected Brother Busby for muttering the early Saxon word "blinkin'" at the repetition of plum and apple jam in the refectory.



In Merry Sherwood Forest

Mald Marion, in her memoirs, frequently mentions the good-natured but untimely action of Archer Busby, Robin Hood's Company Sergeant Major

THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



Old Bill as a Squire of Dames

"What an 'ell of a time Queens take to dress!" (Mary Queen of Scots wouldn't have stood an earthly of getting out of Loch Leven Castle if it had not been for "Good Master Busby...")



In Troublesome Tudor Times

"'Ow about Catharine What's -'er - Name's separation allowance, 'Energy?'" (Cardinal Busby was undoubtedly an irritating thorn in Henry VIII's side)

THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



An Elizabethan Episode

It is still not quite clear whether it was Sir Walter Raleigh or one Sir William Busby who laid his cloak in the mud before Queen Elizabeth. The words "Ye blinkynge mudde," which appear on the back of this old print, make one lean towards the latter



The Two Bills

The above is the only authentic portrait of the Bard of Avon holding converse with his next-door neighbour, Master William Busby. He is obviously reading him that sonnet "There was a young lady of Stratford."



Old Bill at Boscobel

"This King will be the death of Me!" (The above woodcut supports the theory that it was one Busby and not Penderell who did assist Charles II to hide in an oak.)

THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BILL (continued)



Old Bill on the "Bellerophon"

"Cheer up, old cock. Mark my words, a time will come when we shall wish we'd 'ad that — Blucher 'ere instead of you!" (The above prophetic remark was made to the great Napoleon by a common sailor, one Bill Busby, A.B. The Busby family have a button off Napoleon's great-coat as a proof of this)

<p>1. Marcus Chausse who by the death of a rich uncle has come into 50,000 potatoes. He is engaged to</p>  <p>featuring Richard Colman</p>	<p>2. Marie Pichelhauber following Spoil McVane</p> 	<p>3. Their marriage is opposed by her father, Carl Pichelhauber, President of the Republic, (known to his friends as Boss Pichelhauber) representing Georges King</p>  <p>featuring Pichelhauber Septimes Opilve</p>	<p>4. Marcus gets a Commission</p> 	<p>5. He can't help thinking that</p>  <p>The last, joined the saboteurs of his platoon, he not all that he professes to be</p>	<p>6. Marcus finds himself full of despair and plums & apple in the trenches.</p> 	<p>7. Pichelhauber has mysteriously disappeared, but left a letter for Marie</p> 	<p>8. Dear Daughter, Marcus suspects me of being a spy. I am innocent. I merely assumed the role in order to test Marcus' fidelity to you. Tell him I now consent to your marriage. Your Father, Carl Pichelhauber, Derwenton Hall.</p>	<p>9. It is in reality Marie! Marie discloses herself to the General and tells him the whole story</p>  <p>The General immediately gives them both leave.</p>	<p>10. They leave for home in the HQ. Observation balloon. And thus get the Military very Cross</p> 	<p>11. END OF PART 1 - PART 2 WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY</p>  <p>The Vitras Film Mfg Co Philadelphia, Penna, U.S.A.</p>	<p>12. But before departing for the front he is surprised to find himself assisting the enemy.</p> 
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Captain Bainsfather Releases—

"The Military Cross," a Pulsating Military Drama in Two Reels

Many a man has done this sort of
thing in the middle of the night
when nobody could be there to see
and got nothing



And there's been many a man
a hundred miles from the nearest
noise, whom somebody could see
who got the D.S.O.



Those Medals

Sad, but true, and apparently unavoidable



Going! Going! Go—

A hitherto unpublished "Fragment" drawn in New York on the eve of the Armistice



The Wrong 'Un of Amerongen

The Face at the Window: "'Ere you, yer wanted and wanted d— quick."



Straight from the Wood

Quite a number of people are once more beginning to remember something about a Kaiser and a trial.

aiserisms



The Best Noose of the War
If only but I suppose it's impossible



Someday, Somewhere, Somehow

"The Big Four may be too blinkin' small to 'ang ye, but my pals won't be"

£1000,000 A YEAR!
Any money you like is yours

All the so called virtues, under which
the World has lived peacefully for years,
entirely removed within a few hours!!!

BE A BOLSHEVIST

And train for it *our way*

FOUNDER



IVAN ITCHIVITCH

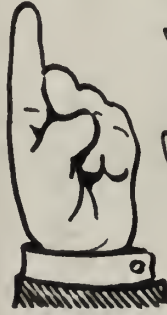
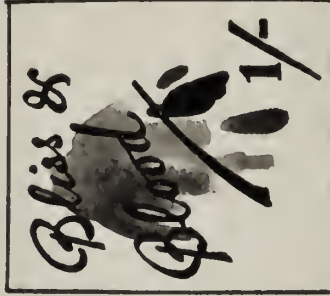
Author of: "Money for Nothing"
"Memoirs of a Matricide. etc. etc."

Day by day the supply
of reasonable men
with common sense is
rapidly decreasing.

WHY DELAY ???

Enrol today, and thereby ensure a steady
downfall for yourself and family

SEND FOR BOOKLET



Begin now!!

By way of stimulation we print the first lesson:-

"Rise early, and with an automatic pistol, shoot
the necks off a couple of Magnums of Heidsieck
belonging to a neighbour. Drink contents. Set fire to
the linoleum in the hall, and chase your youngest
daughter upstairs. Having strapped her under the
kayser in the bath room and turned the gas on,
do your best to extract the contents of her money
box with a pocket knife"

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED at the speed with which
you will turn your home into a welter of pain
and degradation & pave the way to £1000,000 a year.

Have You a Happy Home? Then This is the Very Thing!

Extract from the advertisement pages of the Odessa "Daily Orgy"

Bolshie Bits



This man is explaining in a few simple words that the Judo Slave (owing to the Local Bosnian Soviets being amalgamated with the Workmen's and Soldiers Councils) cannot possibly be associated with the Czecho Slovaks. Moreover, the whole tenets of the Bolshevistic Magyars is to repudiate anything suggested by the Finnish Poles or even the Trans-Caucasian Ruthenians or Serbo Croats. And naturally, anyone with half an eye can see that Herzegovina can never be represented at the extreme Spartacus Left of any Reichstag or Dalmatiao Duma.

Rumbles from the Rhine
 "Yer know Bert, I reckon they ought to stop the sale of this 'ere Bolshevism and Cocaine"



The Interior of a Bolshevist Y.M.C.A. Hut. (They are very much in need of funds)

Some Holid



On Arrival—A Slight Contretemps

This mistake is due to Maggie, who packed young Douglas's bathing suit instead of Bill's own



This After 6,000 Years



Proper

"Who's that bloke over there?"
 "The Colonel wot asked about your bloke."
 "Well, go an' tell 'im that a feller in t



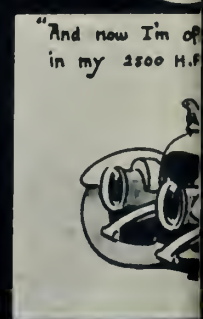
"No I love a round before my Plum & Apple"



"My Bunkin"



"I had this built to my own design"



"And now I'm off in my 2500 H.P."

Actors at Home; No.

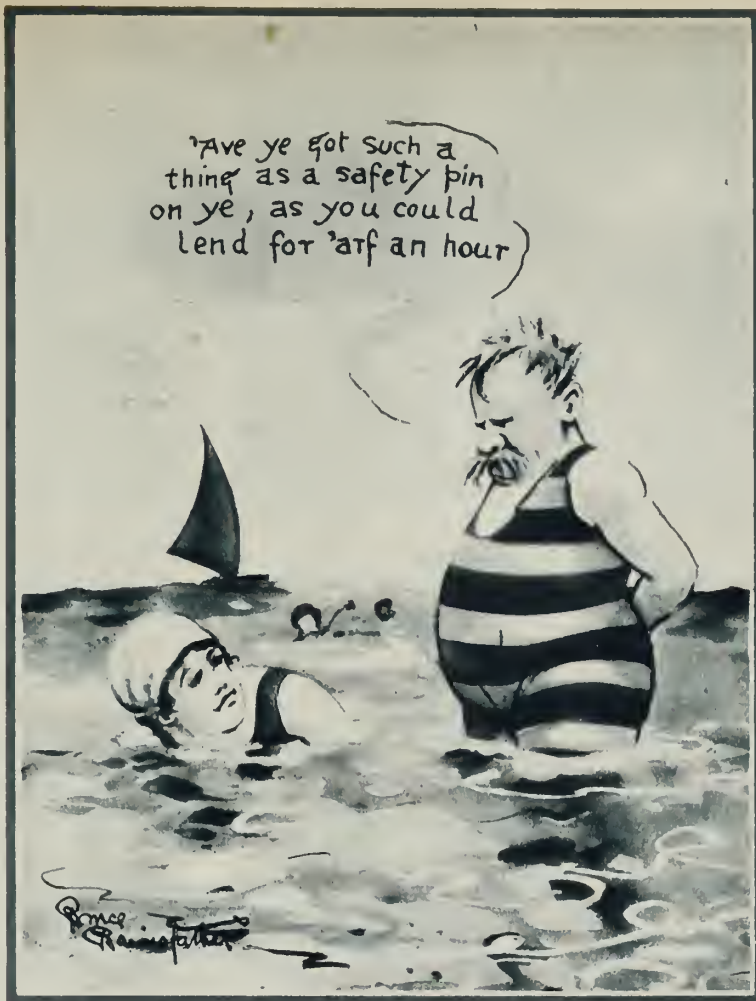
Being on short leave at present, and knowing well the fact that Bill is now down at his quaint little cottage "Wipers" on his leave terminates on the outbreak of the Bystander's

Fragments



ride

is mornin' "
nior Service wants to speak to 'im "

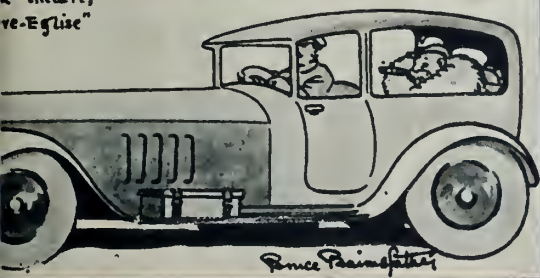


Security for the Future

This little trouble was due to trying to get that last bit of wear out of his early 1914 bathing suit



the theatre,
ve-Englis



nd only)—"Old Bill"

of trying to act without a bungalow at Maidenhead, Old
ver. In the evenings he may be seen at the Oxford. His
il. I was fortunate in getting the above interview



En Route in the Brightbourne Train

Bill finds himself in a minority of one

Flanders Night's Entertainments



An amusing take-off of The Bystander Theatrical Artist, sent over by Captain Bairnsfather whilst in France

British K-nights' Entertainments



Mr Plantagenet, K Ritz. Bought it as cheaply as possible New Viscount.



Mr George Hayseed. Turnip controller for Hammersmith New Baronet



Mr. Pushleigh Grabbe Private secretary to the South Devon Sewage Board (asked for it) New Knight.

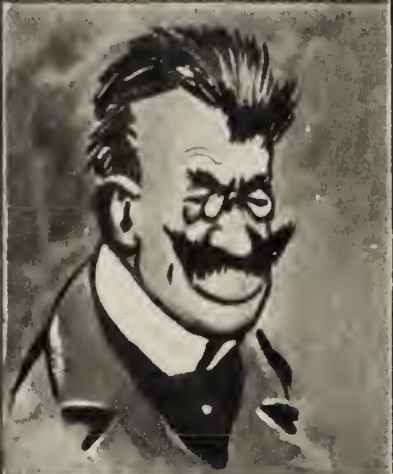


Mr. W. Jones. Three times Lord Mayor of Slopston-on-Slush New Baronet



John Bainbridge

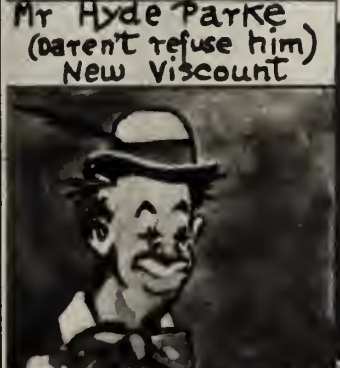
Mr William Busby Member for North West Ypres. Represented the British Army for over four years. Free Pass (twice) Knight(ly)



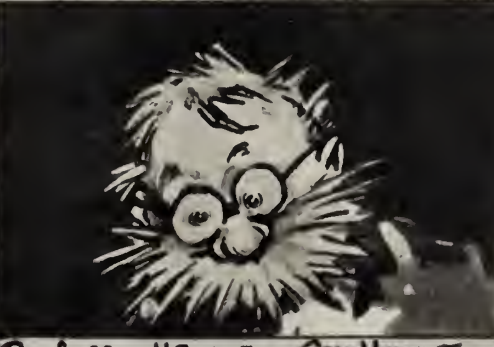
Count Potassium P. Manganate. Travelled from London to Amsterdam once a week throughout the war New Baronet



Mr Hyde Parke (arent refuse him) New Viscount



Mr Redde-Knowes The Famous Comedian Now Viscount

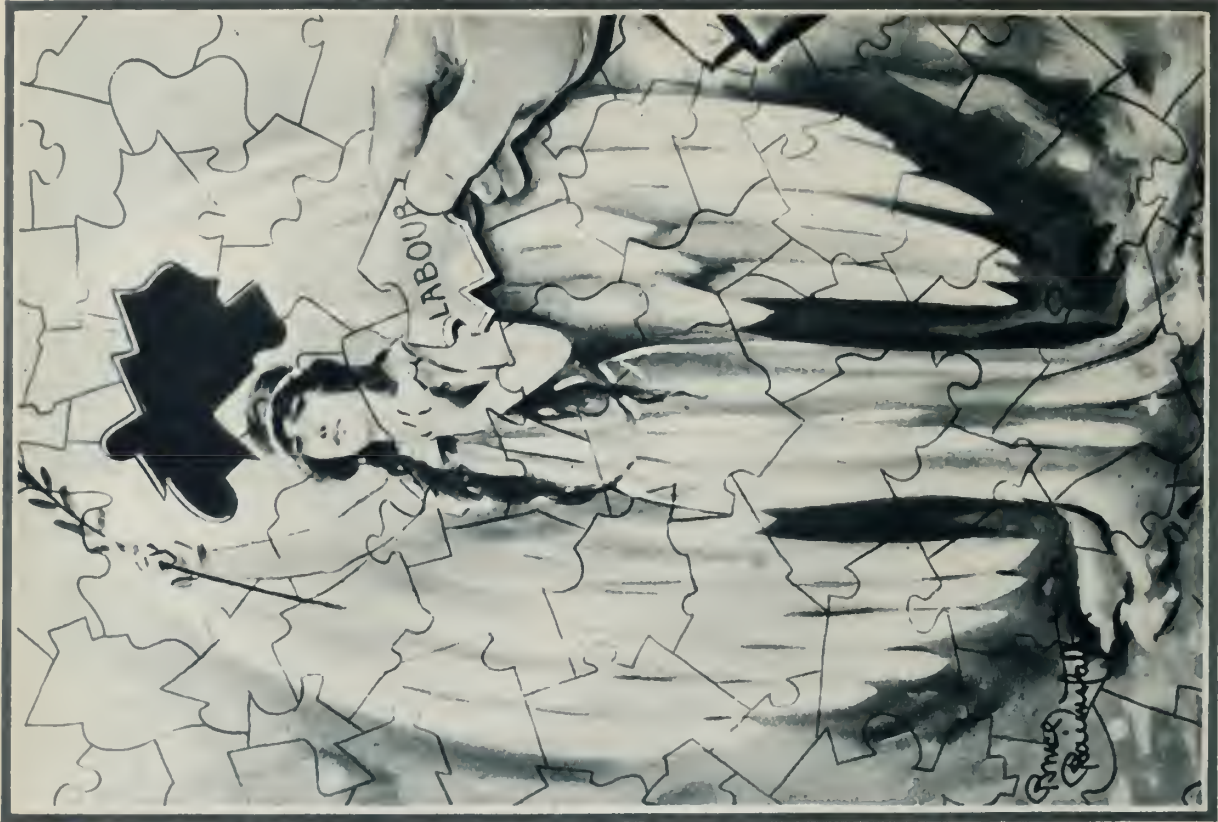


Professor Herman Carlburg The Great Scottish Scientist. New Knight.



Mr Ephraim Reubenson cornered dog muzzles prior to outbreak of tables. Endowed Home for himself with results. New Baron

By a regrettable oversight, the above names were omitted from the last Honours' List



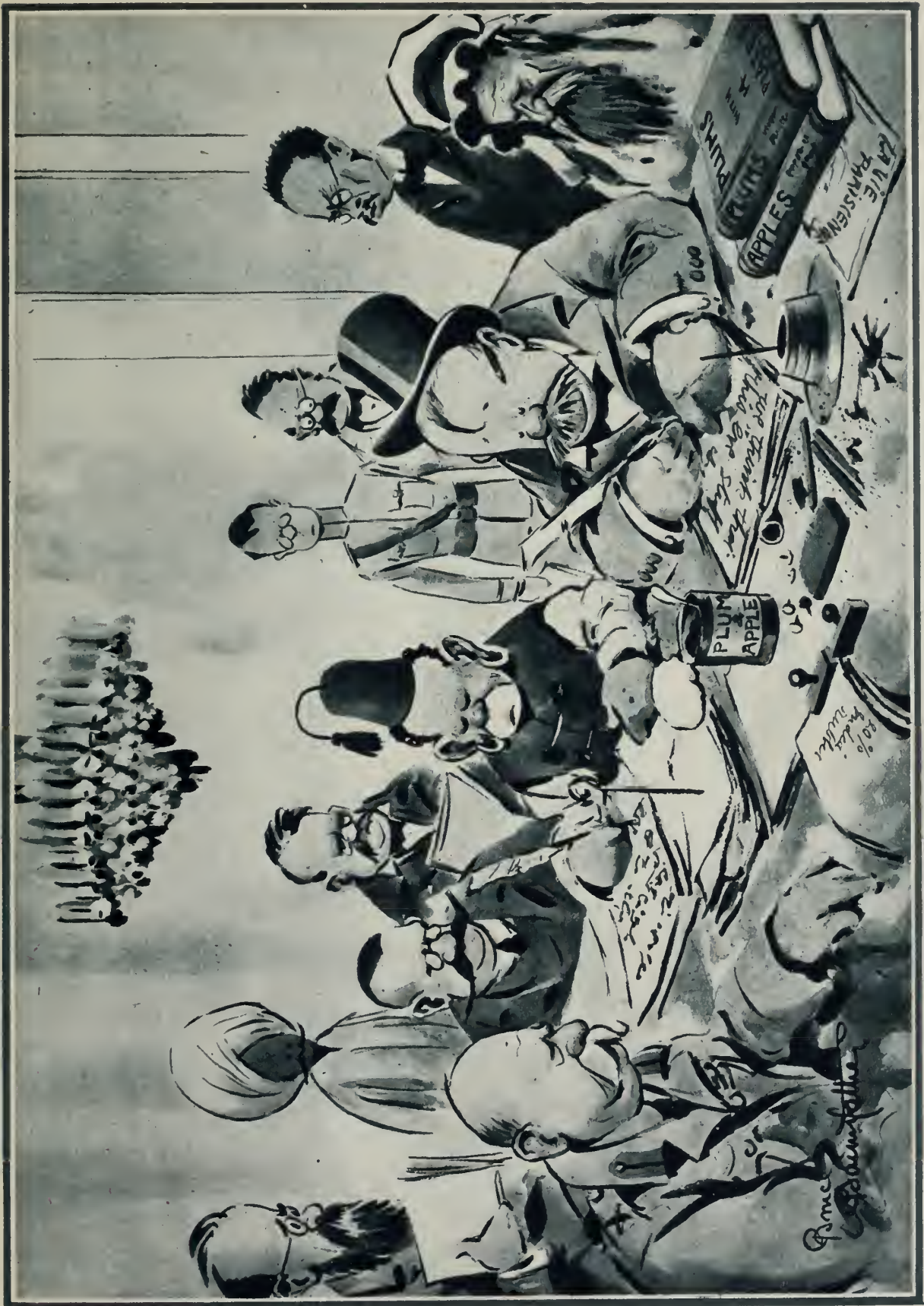
The Jig Saw Puzzle

It looks very much as though this piece will take a lot of fitting



"Then Out Strode Bold Ol' Billius—"

War is an ugly business, but it wouldn't look half as bad if only we took a few tips from the ancients as regards costume.



"Old Bill" Presides at the International "Preserves" Commission

An Amsterdam cable states that "Old Bill" is Acting President of the International Commission, which is sitting at the "Hotel Terrific," Paris. They are endeavouring to ascertain what Plum and Apple really *was* made of. They expect to arrive at a decision about September, 1930. Meanwhile, the cuisine at the "Terrific" leaves nothing to be desired



How Some People Didn't See the War
 A good Lunch, then a 40 mile roll in a Rolls Royce (five miles from the nearest trench) prior to a return to the Meurice for Table d'Hôte.



Old Billisation
 Old Bill got very severely checked the other day for anticipating demobilisation by wearing some mufti that he had had sent out to him



The Limpoo of Limpooland has Decided Not to Join the League of Nations

In fact, he was most Teutonic to a Commercial travelling in Doll's Eyes, Pickles and Fireworks the other day. This will, of course, necessitate a punitive expedition, but the trouble is, who will undertake it?



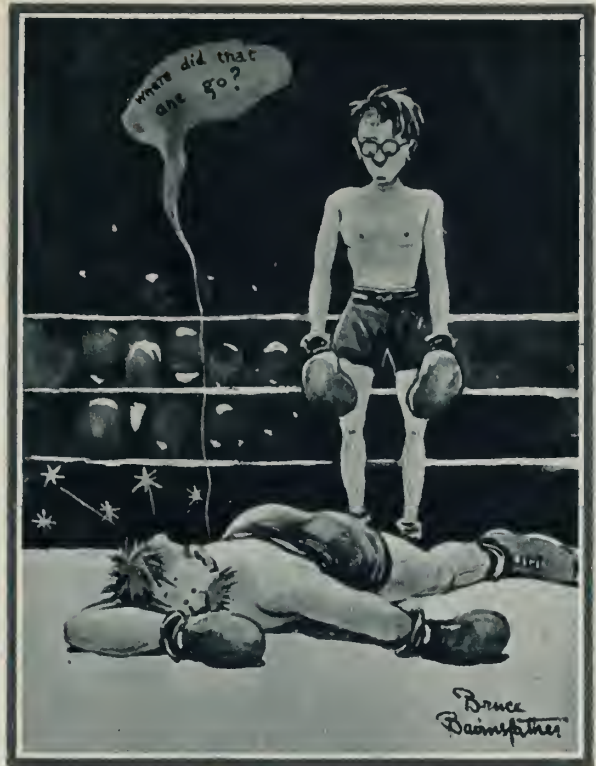
At It Again

No! No! This is not another war or anything vulgar and done with like that, it's simply the League of Nations trying to get some of the Peace Terms fulfilled!



Yet Another "Jazz" Victim!

Old Bill got through the War without a scratch. The above pathetic condition is due to an unfortunate misunderstanding with the floor of the Albert Hall on a recent festive occasion.

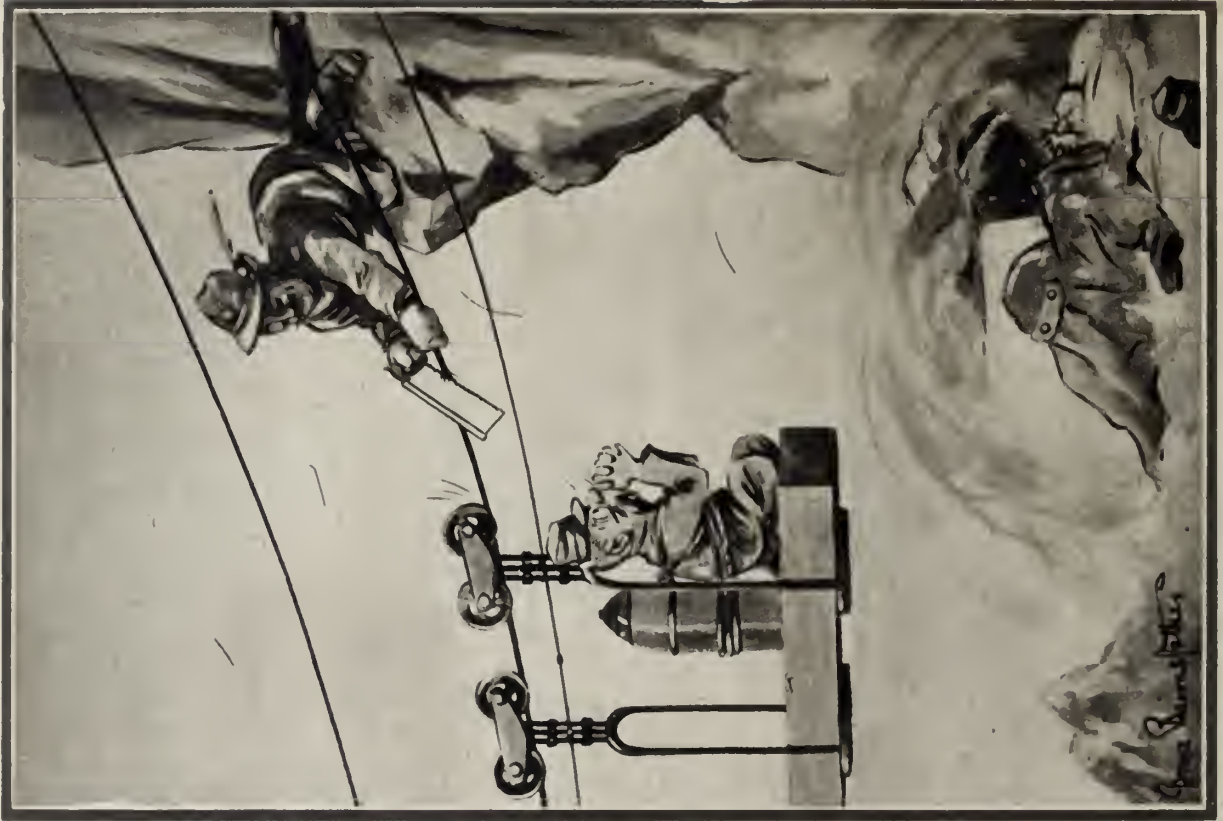


A Fair "Knock-Out"

It is doubtful whether Old Bill really has the physique for a big contest. Last week, in the first of forty-five rounds, he was knocked out by a clerk in the Pay Department, thus losing a purse of five francs.



Colonel de Barrage Feels Convinced That Armour's the Thing Under Modern Conditions
"Did you mend that puncture in his left hind leg, Smith?"



A Visit to the Alpini

Herr Pickel Hauber (Professor of Frightfulness), now on the Italian front, is greatly bothered by the constant recurrence of this dream.



The Growth of Democracy

Colonel Sir Valtravers Plantagenet gladly accepts a light, during a slight lull in a barrage, from a Private in the Benin Rifles.



The War is bound to affect romantic fiction. Extract from a 19— Magazine story: "Raising her gas mask ever so slightly, he raided her mud-stained, crater-like mouth, with a barrage of kisses."



Whether it was that double Bovril at the Cottage Tea Rooms, or not, I don't know, but anyway I had a very trying experience with a tube of paint I accidentally trod on the other night.



Even a League of Nations cannot eradicate the effects of the last five years Colonel Sir Chutney Peperton, V.C., R.S.V.P., has decided to deal with the grouse at his Scottish Place really more scientifically this year

BILLMANISM

1000,000 Enrolments in two days!?!
(most of them roll out again)

Now that The World has become a vast and sticky mass of Strikes, Peace, Democracy and Table d'Hôte, have you ever asked yourself what BILLMANISM could do for you?

Why grovel before your employer and accept his tyrannical suggestion of a Three "Hour Week", with treble wages, when "BILLMANISM" can make you your independent, and twin him

Working
Hours
Just
bear

THE FOUNDER.



Salary
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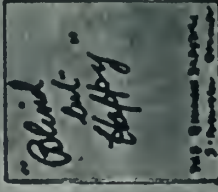
"There is no time like the day before yesterday"

Write for our Booklet "BLIND BUT HAPPY"

Which will show you exactly how and where to get our Little Blue Books, which (if not too blue) will show you how blue the outlook is, and how blue you have got to be to get on. Think what a really efficient flow of language can mean to you in your business!!!

To be able to swear with ease and precision for ten minutes, without using the same word twice is what we guarantee.

We can confidently foresee a Billmanized World!!!
After another couple, we can see a Billmanized Solar System.



Only last week we enrolled a General in Siberia. He was very blue before our blue books reached him. Our fees have reached him since, so his total degree of blueness, can only fully be grasped by a Billmanist.

The first lesson deals with: - Vituperation, Damnation, - how allied to Indigestion - Imprecation. Don't waste time on your own untrained vocabulary

Write at once to THE BILLMAN SUBSTITUTE
5. BUNKINGSTRASSE
COLOGNE.

Have You a C3 Liver?

If so, this is the very thing for you



Old Bill has always felt that there was something reminiscent of Bert about the way he got that nasty crack over the head from a tambourine at that little bit of a Séance they had the other night.



"Don't you get pullin' yer cigarette-card stuff off on me. What the 'ell do you know about 'istory? F'rinstance, I bet you don't know that Romeo and Juliette was brought up by a She Wolf."



A Murmansk Murmur
Don't that make ye blinkin' well wild, Bert?



Mr Pussyfoot, in favour of drying up and returning where all things are dry.



Mr Bela Trothun, in support of letting peace mean PEACE



Prince Painfather

M.P's, in favour of reduced salaries.



The Editor of the Bystander, in favour of paying artists twice as much, for half the work.

Strikes I'm Afraid We Won't See



S'Peace!



Shadows in Whitehall

"FRAGMENTS"

"Laughter for all time."

—E. B. BROWNING.

IT IS GOOD TO LAUGH!!

The value of a hearty laugh is absolutely limitless in these strenuous days, and if you want to forget your worries, why, there's a laugh on every page of Old Bill's splendid little Weekly.

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